

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

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MISS MARION TERRY, AS DOROTHY, IN "DAN'L DRUCE."

RAILWAYS.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES.

HOUGHTON MEETING.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE DAY, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24.

FAST TRAINS, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers, at ordinary fares, will run between CAMBRIDGE and LONDON as under:

LONDON to CAMBRIDGE.		CAMBRIDGE to LONDON.	
A		B	
MONDAY and TUESDAY.		TUESDAY, SATURDAY.	
October 23 and 24.		Oct. 24. Oct. 28.	
	a.m.		p.m.
King's Cross	dep. 9 0	Cambridge	dep. 6 40
Finsbury Park	dep. 9 8	Finsbury Pk. arr.	7 55
Cambridge	arr. 10 35	King's Cross	arr. 8 0

A. In connection with a Great Eastern train from Cambridge at 10.30 a.m. for Newmarket.

B. In connection with the 5.55 p.m. ordinary train Newmarket to Cambridge.

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G. REEVES SMITH, Jun.,

Hon. Sec.

BRIGHTON DOG SHOW.

Owing to the serious illness of Mr. G. E. Boyes, late Hon. Sec., the Committee have appointed G. REEVES SMITH, Jun., their Secretary, to whom all further communications are requested to be addressed.

14th October, 1876.

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Mr. R. W. SOUTH, 32, Abingdon-street, London, S.W., or

Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, Six Nights, October 16th,

New Theatre Royal, Bristol, Twelve Nights, December 23rd.

MISS COWEN (Pupil of Mrs. Stirling) will

give a READING (kindly assisted by Mrs. Stirling), at St. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, on THURSDAY EVENING

N. 21, October 26. To commence at Eight o'clock.

Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Stalls (Reserved), 5s.; Balcony (Unreserved), 3s. To be had at St. George's Hall; of Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street; and of Miss Cowen, 11, Warwick Crescent, Maida Hill.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

On MONDAY and during the week, THAT BEAUTIFUL BICEPS. RICHARD III. Mr. Barry Sullivan, Messrs. H. Sinclair, J. F. Cathcart, C. Vandenhoff, H. Russell, F. Tyars, H. M. Clifford, Douglas, H. Evans, G. R. Ireland, Percy Bell, C. H. Fenton, Jas. Johnstone, R. Dolman, Master Grattan; Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Madame Fanny Huddart, Misses Edith Stuart and Grattan. THE STORM FIEND.

Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at Half-past Six, commence at Seven o'clock. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—CARL ROSA

OPERA COMPANY.—Saturday, October 21st, "Faust." Monday, 23rd, Wagner's "Flying Dutchman;" Tuesday, 24th, "Bohemian Girl;" Wednesday, 25th, first production in England of Nicolo Isouard's "Joconde;" Thursday, 26th, Wagner's "Flying Dutchman;" Friday, 27th, "Trovatore."

BOX OFFICE OPEN Ten till Five. NO BOOKING FEES. Seats may also be secured at the Libraries, &c. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 8.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. Buckstone.—Every Evening, at 7.30, THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. Torrington, Charles Harcourt; Mrs. Torrington, Annie Lafontaine. After which, at 8.20, a new and original Drama, by W. S. Gilbert, entitled DAN'L DRUCE, BLACKSMITH. Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Howe, Braid, Forbes Robertson, Odell, Weatherby, &c., and Miss Marion Terry. Stage Manager, Mr. Howe. Doors open at 7. Box-office open to till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. H. Griffiths.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

On Monday, and during the week, MR. AND MRS. WHITE. After which, at a Quarter to Eight, a New and Original Historical Play, entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills: Messrs. James Fernandez, J. W. Ford, B. Bentley, A. Revelle, F. Strickland, J. Smyth, B. Pedley, G. Weston, E. Price, Miss Heath, Mesdames A. Mellon, Manders, M. Brunet, Miss and Master Coote. To conclude with at 10.15, a Comic Ballet entitled THE MAGIC FLUTE. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson.—THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE.

Last nights. Return of Mr. Charles Wyndham. On Monday and Every Evening, at 7.30, a comic drama, in two acts, entitled MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS: Messrs. Clarke, Righton, Standing, Yorke, and G. Barrett; Mesdames Duncan, Eastlake, Vining, Hathaway, Hope, Holme, and Graham. At 9, THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE (Last nights): supported by Charles Wyndham, Edward Righton, H. Standing, and John Clarke; Mesdames Nelly Bromley, C. Hope, E. Vining, Hathaway, Eastlake, Myra Holme, E. Bruce, and Emily Duncan. A startling novelty in active preparation, which will be produced on the withdrawal of THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

FOLLY THEATRE, CHARING CROSS.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson. "Entirely reconstructed and elaborately decorated from designs by Mr. T. Verity, it is now one of the prettiest and most comfortable playhouses in London."—Morning Post. Immense success of the new Theatre. Enthusiastic reception of Miss Lydia Thompson and the entire company. New comedy, and last nights of "Blue Bird." Monday and during the week, at 7.30, PECKSNIFE, a comic drama, in three acts (first time), by Harry Paulton, being a dramatic rendering of so much of Dickens's novel of "Martin Chuzzlewit" as relates to Mr. Pecksniff, his daughters, and his daughters' lovers. Characters by Messrs. Lionel Brough, Willie Edouin, Day, Fredericks, Forrester, and Appleby; Mesdames Grey, Kean, Cameron, and Davies. After which, at 8.45 (for a few nights only), Farnie's BLUE BEARD, supported by Miss Lydia Thompson and the entire company. New local hits, and bright and sparkling music. Saturday, November 11th, production of ROBINSON CRUSOE, a new burlesque by Farnie, recently performed at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, with unequalled success. Prices from 1s. to £2 2s. Box-Office open from 10 to 5. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, the new burlesque,

produced at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, Saturday, October 7, 1876, by Miss Lydia Thompson and Company, for the first time, and which will shortly be produced at the FOLLY THEATRE. Opinions of the Manchester Press: "On Saturday evening they produced, for the first time, a new burlesque which has been written for Mr. H. B. Farnie, being the 'Very Latest Edition of Robinson Crusoe.' This is intended to be the stock piece of the company during the winter season at the Folly Theatre, London, and it possesses the promise of a distinguished success."

The libretto abounds with good jokes, smart sayings, and absurdities, whose outrageousness may be their greatest merit, but which are provocations of wholesome and hearty merriment.

The piece was played on Saturday evening with unflinching spirit by a company which had evidently been drilled to perfection at exhaustive rehearsals, and it proceeded with smoothness, rapidity, and go which would have been creditable in a 50th performance. The leading part is, of course, taken by Miss Lydia Thompson. It is one which suits her to perfection, and she plays it, if possible, with more than her accustomed painstaking care—a quality which distinguishes her above most leading burlesque actresses, and, added to other attractions and graces, renders her always a popular favourite.

... Mr. Lionel Brough has a part in which he is so thoroughly at home that it appears to have been invented not for him, as it probably was, but by him. It is the part of a Bohemian follower of Thespis—Jim Cocks in common life, whatever Bertrams, Mortimers, or De Veres he may have assumed as occasion served, and by which he may be distinguished in theatrical annals—who is credited by the writer with entire Robinson Crusoe away from his sedate occupation in Hull. Cocks, who is comic enough in all conscience in his proper person, becomes extravagantly absurd when, cast upon a desolate island, he is appointed the king of a tribe of man-eating savages. His holding of a court of justice in the last scene of the play is a wild and side-splitting travesty of the free and easy procedure of metropolitan police or coroners' tribunals. There is a stolidity in the manner in which the actor presents the conventional mannerisms of the disappointed tragedian, which carried with him even into savage life greatly heightens their drollery. In effective contrast with the quiet humour of Mr. Brough, is the active eccentricity of Mr. Willie Edouin, who finds abundant scope for his most outré contortions and most bizarre sketches of oddity in humanity in the part of Crusoe's Man Friday. The burlesque reaches its crowning height of extravagant and mirth-provoking caricature when this strange being, in the last scene, defies all recognised notions of law and order, while he admirably hits off genuine types of character as foreman of the Jury.—*Examiner and Times*.

In working out his plot, Mr. Farnie has largely availed himself of that privilege of supplying missing links which romancists have always claimed as a right.

It is, however, a happy thought—whether due to the author or to Miss Thompson we know not—to reproduce in one of the principal scenes a fac-simile of Crusoe's well-known dress of skins, and a very fair imitation of his hut and his surroundings, as known to all through the old illustrated version of the book.

The principal actors and actresses find plenty of scope in the characters assigned to them for the exhibition of their special talents, and acquit themselves with credit; while they are satisfactorily supported in the minor parts. Miss Thompson's bright and good-natured manner, Mr. Brough's dry matter-of-fact humour, and Mr. Edouin's absurd eccentricity and wonderful agility, are especially effective, and chiefly contribute to the success of the piece.

"Guardian." "Mr. Farnie's 'Very Latest Edition of Robinson Crusoe' was produced for the first time on Saturday night at the Prince's Theatre, and attracted a large audience, who received it very favourably. It must be admitted that Mr. Farnie has succeeded in producing a very enjoyable burlesque, and we are grateful to him for not having violated our most cherished convictions on one or two very important occasions. The scene on the desert island where Crusoe has built and furnished his detached villa, and has formed acquaintance with Friday, was received with applause. And Miss Thompson's appearance in the dress of white skins fairly carried away the audience. The best and most amusing feature of the piece is the clever introduction of references to contemporary events. These not only consist of satirical allusions in isolated passages, but are once or twice expanded into episodes. As among the best may be mentioned the initiation of Friday into the privileges of British citizenship, including a subscription to the Magna Charta Association, and the being invested with the Order of the Income Tax, and a severe and well-merited parody of the license of the bar in modern trials, especially as exemplified in the Bravo case. The acting is, as might be expected from Miss Thompson's company, satisfactory throughout; and the scenery and dresses are tasteful and effective. Considering that Saturday's was a first performance, it went very smoothly, and may be pronounced a success."—*Evening News*."Taking this version of Crusoe as we find it, we may say that it abounds with puns, good, bad, and indifferent, and takes off the passing events and prominent individuals of the day with laughable effect. ... The music, from whatever sources derived, is pretty and appropriate. ... It may be added that the hut and dresses of skins of Defoe's creation are successfully imitated in one of the scenes."—*Evening Mail*.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,

Mr. John Coleman.—Every Evening at 7, a Farce. At 7.45, HENRY V., with a Prologue from "Henry IV." Characters by Phelps, Coleman, Ryder, Mead, R. Moore, &c. Mesdames Fowler, Leighton, Chapman, Kirby, and a numerous and powerful company. New and magnificent scenery and costumes. Doors open at 6.30. Box-office open 11 to 5. Acting-manager, Mr. W. A. Burt.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville,

Sole Lessee.—Every Evening at 7.45, THE DUKE'S DEVICE, preceded at Seven by KEEP YOUR EYE ON HER. Mr. Henry Neville, Messrs. Archer, Flockton, W. J. Hill, Pareman. Misses Carlisle, Crawford, Beaumont, Cowell, and Dubois. At 10.30 CRAZED. Mr. W. J. Hill in his original character. Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 7.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. Enormous success of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Davis, James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestocq, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee

and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—Every Evening, at 7, READING FOR THE BAR. At 7.30, THE DOWAGER. Mr. W. H. Vernon, Miss Ada Swanborough. At 8.45, PRINCESS TOTO. Messrs. Cox, Taylor, Marius; Mesdames Kate Santley, Lottie Venne, &c.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—

Every Evening, at Quarter to Eight, ARRAH-NA-POGUE, written by Dion Boucicault. Miss Maggie Moore, Miss Hudspeth, Miss Marion, Mr. J. C. Williamson, Mr. Chiel Barry, Mr. J. G. Shore, Mr. W. Terriss, Mr. William M'Intyre, Mr. Cullen, Mr. Elliott, and Mr. S. Emery. Preceded by A RACE FOR A WIFE. To conclude with FORTUNE'S FROLICS. Prices, 6d. to £4 4s. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily. Doors open at Half-past six; commence at Seven.

GLOBE THEATRE.—MR. EDGAR BRUCE

begs to announce that the REGULAR SEASON has commenced, and Mr. Burnett's Celebrated Drama, "JO," has been revived with greater success than ever, MISS JENNIE LEE reappearing every evening in her wonderfully realistic and artistic impersonation of the Street Arab, supported by the Original Company. Mr. Wallis Mackay's "Breezy Sketch," THE WAY OF THE WIND, at 7.30. Mr. Burnett's Drama, "JO," at 8.15. Doors open at 7. Secure your seats at Box-office or Libraries. Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Acting Manager, Mr. DOUGLAS COX.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.—Every

Evening, at Eight, BROEKMAN'S CIRCUUS and Great MONKEY PERFORMANCE, from the Alexandra Palace. The Performance takes place on the Stage. Doors open at 7.30; commence at Eight. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 4s.; Dress Circle, 3s.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Children Half-price to all parts except Gallery.

MORNING PERFORMANCES every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

ALHAMBRA.—"DON QUIXOTE."—EVERY

EVENING, at 7.15, Farce; at 8.15, Original Grand Comic and Spectacular Opera. The Music composed by Mr. Frederic Clay, the Libretto by Mr. Maltby and Mr. H. Paulton. Mesdames Munroe, Robson, Chambers, Beaumont, Hilton, and Newton. Messrs. Loredan, Jarvis, Ross, Matt Robson, Rosenthal, and H. Paulton. Two Grand Ballets, Mdlle. Pertoldi, the Fiji Flutterers, and the Girards.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate. Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. Every Evening, at 7, the new Play (from the French), called TRUE TILL DEATH. Miss Helen Barry, Mr. William Rignold, Mr. William Redmond, and Mr. Henry Marston, and Powerful Company. New Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. Splendid Costumes.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—

Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.

NOTICE.—Great success of the New and Original Drama by Conquest and Pettitt. Dancing on the Monstre Platform. The Grounds Brilliantly Illuminated. Grand Fête at fresco. On Monday and Every Evening during the week (except Thursday), at 7, the powerful Drama entitled THE SOLE SURVIVOR: A TALE OF THE GOODWIN SANDS. Mr. Geo. Conquest, supported by Messrs. W. James, Bennett, Symes, Gillett, Nicholls, Vincent, Grant, Inch, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denzil, &c. To conclude with (except Wednesday and Thursday) LA LETTRE DE CACHET: Wednesday with THE YOUNG WIDOW; Incidental, Thursday, THE HIDDEN HAND; Incidental—Whitefriars.—Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—EVERY EVENING, (Wednesday and Saturday excepted), at 6.45, HOP PICKERS AND GIPSIES. Nan Lovel, Mrs. S. Lane, Messrs. Reynolds, Newbould, Jackson, Roberts, Fox, Lewis, Pitt, Parry, Hyde. Mdlles. Adams, Brewer. INCIDENTALS: W. Critchfield, Transfield Family, Major Burk. Concluding with THE BOTTLE: Messrs. Fox, Rhoyds, Roberts, Reeve. Mdlles. Bellair, Summers, Brewer, Mrs. Newham. Wednesday, the Annual Benefit of Mr. J. W. Wade. Saturday, THE DRUNKARD'S CHILDREN, Concert, HOP PICKERS AND GIPSIES.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-

DENS, Regent's Park, are OPEN daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. THE NEW LION HOUSE contains a full series of the larger Feline animals.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHI-

THEATRE, Westminster Bridge Road, will re-open on SATURDAY EVENING, Oct. 21.—Production of an entirely new and original military spectacle, entitled WATERLOO (written by Mr. Akhurst). Company and stud 1,000. To give due effect to this great production the large resources of the Messrs. Sangers' establishment will be increased by the addition of many hundreds of auxiliaries, human and equine, while the characters in this great drama will be impersonated by actors of known ability. The scenery, by Messrs. Dayes and Caney, will illustrate with minute fidelity the localities celebrated in the last campaign against the Great Napoleon. The music composed and arranged by Mr. Seibold. The drama will be preceded by SCENES IN THE CIRCLE, supported by the whole of the great equestrian troupe attached to this establishment.—Open every evening at half-past six, commencing at seven. Prices: Private boxes from £1 11s. to £5 5s.; balcony dress stalls, 4s.; balcony stalls, 3s.; orchestra stalls, 2s. 6d.; boxes, 2s.; pit stalls, 2s.; amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; pit, 1s.; gallery, 6d. Box-office open from half past ten till four. First Grand Morning Performance, Saturday, Oct. 28, after which every Saturday at two o'clock.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH, Theatre Royal,

Manchester, as MISS GWILT. Sheffield, Brighton, Birmingham, Hull, &c., &c., to follow.

GAIETY THEATRE, West Hartlepool.—

WANTED, First-class DRAMATIC STARS for November 27, and following week.—CLAUDE SHAW.

AMERICA.—MR. MAAS will commence his

FOURTH TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES as Principal Tenor of the KELLOGG GRAND ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY, commencing at Philadelphia, October 16th, 1876. Address, Belvedere Hotel, New York.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S

ENTERTAINMENT.—MILDRED'S WELL, by F. C. Burnand, A MUSICAL BEE, by Mr. Corney Grain; and THE THREE TENANTS. Every evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8, every Thursday and Saturday morning at 3.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place, Oxford Circus. Admission, 1s.; 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

MME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-

street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII, Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Postly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

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In all Jewellery sold or re-arranged by Mr. Streeter, the Stones are mounted in 18-Carat Gold.

"JEWELS OF RICH AND EXQUISITE FORM."—*Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. ii.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

•• We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

•• We are compelled to hold over the article on "Hunting the Boar," announced on our bill of contents, together with several Reviews of Books, and Andy O'Rourke at the Promenade Concerts.

"SHAMMING SICK," AND "WHO SAID 'RATS?'"

These popular prints, for which a large and continually growing demand has been created, will be re-printed on plate paper for presentation to the subscribers of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, of November 4th. Early orders are requested.

A few copies of Proof Impressions are still on sale at 1s. the pair.

SPORTING.

H. NASH.—The term is used in Ireland, and the writer is a native of that country.

DRAMATIC.

PORTRAITS OF POPULAR PROVINCIAL ACTORS AND ACTRESSES will be gladly received, for selection, with a view to engraving for future issues of this paper.

A. WINTER.—We are informed that at the time the lady made the appeal to her professional brothers and sisters, the dead man's relatives were both able and willing to assist her, and that her letter gave them great pain.

ST. JAMES.—The Duke of Clarence is said to have been deeply affected by the news of Mrs. Jordan's death, and it was also said that his connection with the circumstances associated with it could be satisfactorily explained, but we never met with any such explanation. His unpopularity was greatly increased by the stories told of the poor public favourite's unhappy state and mournful death in exile.

OLD JOE.—The lines—
"I for your beauty, dearest maid, am dying,
And at your feet I lie—"
"I see you're lying."

belong to an old play, which was produced at the Olympic Theatre, before our time. We have a friend who distinctly remembers them.

D. DAMER.—The Augier-street Theatre, in Dublin, was built in 1728 by subscription; that in Smock-alley was erected on its site some four or five years after.

OLD L.—John Fletcher died of the plague on the 19th of August, 1625, at the age of 29.

A LOVER OF SHAKESPEARE—Shakespeare's Theatre, the Globe, stood close beside the river, a little west of St. Mary Overie, on a spot known for many years after, and still known, we believe, as Globe Alley. It is said by Pennant, in his account of London, that Shakespeare's first appearance was made on the boards of this house in the character of Hamlet.

MISS HEATH.—L. C. points out that in the drama of *Mont St. Michel*, when it was first produced at the Princess's Theatre, the heroine was played by one of our most charming actresses, who was then Miss Agnes Robertson, and afterwards became Mrs. Dion Boucicault. Our correspondent also points out that one of Miss Heath's very best parts while at the Princess's was that of Anne Boleyn in *Henry VIII.*, and that she earned no small repute at Drury Lane Theatre as Margaret Ramsay, in Halliday's highly successful drama, *King of Scots*.

T. C.—*Edith's Flight* was produced at the Theatre Royal, Dundee, March 15th, 1855.

ALFRED EASTLAKE.—W. H. Oxberry died February 29, 1852, aged 44. William Oxberry died June 9, 1824, aged 40.

MUSICAL.

G. P.—The song was written by David Garrick and set to music by Barthelmon, who came to England in 1765. It was sung first by Dodd as Sparkish in the *Country Girl*. It is said that the great actor called upon the great violinist to ask him if he could set English words to music. Barthelmon replying in the affirmative, Garrick asked for writing materials and wrote the song there and then. Barthelmon looking over his shoulder set the words to music as they were written, so that when Garrick said, "There, my friend, is the song," the composer instantly replied, "And there, sir, is the music for it." The story says that in his delight and astonishment Garrick invited the musician to meet Dr. Samuel Johnson at his dinner table on the same day, that the song was an immense success, and that Garrick in his gratefulness said he would make Barthelmon's fortune.

S. C. F.—Lord Castlereagh's duel with Mario is no invention, but a fact. It was fought on Grisi's account, and Lord Castlereagh was carried away wounded.

G. O. T.—We are unable to supply the information.

FREDERICK MAILLO.—The lady is dead.

T. G.—Miss Edith Wynne is now in the Provinces, but where we do not know.

ESTHER.—Madame Schroeder Devient made her first appearance at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, in 1832.

PEEPING TOM.—A large number of extraordinary stories are told of the old anthem, "God Save the King." That which assigns it to a minstrel who was an illegitimate son of the second Henry's, and flourished in the days of Richard 1st, is the oldest of these and the most improbable. It has been attributed to Shirley, a dramatic poet, who lived in the days of Charles II. Dr. John Bull's "God Save the King," exists in a MS collection of "Loyal Songs," made in 1616, by Dr. Kitchiner. The favourite version of it in present use, was re-written by Mr. Arnold, the dramatist, in 1830, for the occasion of William IV.'s coronation. It is said that very similar words were sung, in Latin, as an anthem for the Chapel Royal, in the reign of James II.

AQUATICS.

GEORGE NELSON, Barrow-in-Furness.—Your friend is to all intents and purposes, a professional oarsman.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DONE.—We have mentioned the matter to our Publisher, who assures us that the paper ought to be with you by 9 o'clock in the morning.

R. ENGLISH, Cameldunum, Colchester.—He will find this question very ably entered into in Bishop Stillingfleet's "Origines Britannicæ."

THE ARTIFICIAL HAKE AT HENJON.—In Horace Smith's "Rejected Addresses," S. T. C. writes, "It grieves me much to see live animals brought on the stage. Johnson, the machinist, of former Drury, imitated life quite to the life. The elephant in *Blue Beard*, stuffed by his hand, wound round his lithe proboscis." Who was Johnson?

NORTH COUNTRYMAN.—James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, died at his farm of Altrine, aged 63, on the 27th of November, 1830.

ELOCUTIONIST.—The halpenny and farthing, originated in the time of the Conqueror, when the penny was divided into four parts with a deeply cut cross, so that it could be broken into half-a-penny or four things.

J. S. EVE.—The mother of the Emperor Napoleon was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 24th of August, 1750.

M. MERE.—The huge leaden statue of King William, which stood on College-green, Dublin, was blown up by gunpowder, a little after midnight, on the 8th of April, 1836.

HARRY PRICHARD.—The sweating sickness appeared for the first time in England, in the army which the Earl of Richmond brought against Richard III., and spreading to London, raged from August until the end of October so fiercely that the coronation of Henry VII. was deferred until it should abate. It was called "Ephemera," because it lasted only twenty-four hours.

W. MILES.—The Slothunde (bloodhound) was so named from slot—the impression left by the foot of the hound. The Gaschunde was a species of old English dog which is now either extinct or unknown.

A SCOTTISH READER.—A newspaper called *The Weekly Courant* was published in 1622.

T. C. (Barnmouth).—Thanks. You must allow us to know most about the varied tastes and requirements of our readers, and to cater for others with yourself. In every number we give a finished portrait, or portrait sketches in character of eminent dramatic artists, now living, and there are many who regard the history of the drama as deeply interesting, who do not care for such uneventful common-place biographical facts as most ladies and gentlemen in the flesh care to supply for publication. The idea last named in your letter was adopted many months since, but space has been wanted for its introduction.

N. M. H.—Mr. Henry Neville made his first appearance on the 8th of October, 1860, as Percy Ardent, in *The Irish Heiress*. Whether he had previously appeared in the provinces or not we do not know.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1876.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

"HE (the valiant manager of a halpenny Daily in the north of England) hoped that at some future time they would be able to extend their operations, and so reach from Sunderland to Consett on the one hand, and Sunderland to Durham, and even to Bishop Auckland, on the south. When that was accomplished their opponents might look out." It is to be hoped that the belligerents, whoever they be, may arrange an armistice—with a view to a permanent peace, long before Bishop Auckland is reached. Imagination shrinks appalled from the vision created by the flexible tongue of that remarkable manager. And the worst of it is—such is his magnificent audacity—he will extend his operations to Bishop Auckland if nothing stops the way. Such a Colorado battle of journalism was never heard of.

THE *Morning Post* hears that Mr. Val Prinsep is commissioned to proceed to India to paint a great historical picture of the proclamation of the Empire at Delhi. It is said the artist is to receive £5,000 for his work and £1,000 for expenses. "From his family connection with India, and from his distinguished artistic talents, the *Post* has no doubt Mr. Prinsep will be enabled to embody on canvas a worthy representation of this unparalleled ceremony." We rejoice with Jenkins in Mr. Prinsep's good fortune. An admirable painter, and the prince of splendid fellows, he deserves a multitude of such commissions—if, indeed, the world be tolerant enough to endure more than one "great historic picture" of the kind named. But what on earth has his family connection with India to do with the matter? Perhaps Jenkins will explain.

THE *Sunderland Daily Post* thinks "Longfellow's couplet, 'Be not like dumb driven cattle—be a hero in the strife,' must be a sad thorn in the side of the Radicals just now." We have no doubt of it. And as for the Radicals—why they deserve all they get, whether from Longfellow, or Dr. Watts, or Tupper, or any other horrific bard.

"MONSIEUR VICTOR HUGO gives his annual pension of four hundred and fifty francs, allowed him by the Society of Authors, to the families of transported Communists." Poor Victor! If his wealth only equalled his disposition to distribute it!

WE are sorry to inform our tarry correspondent "Marlinspike" that we have been unable to ascertain the exact date when bow legs were introduced into the British Navy and Mercantile Marine. The hero of Hood's ballad was not, unhappily, of an antiquarian turn of mind, or he might have aided us in our search. His view of the question was modern and matter-of-fact. In his opinion—

"There's some is born with their straight legs by natur—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal straighter,
But they were badly nursed,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs."

If one is to regard the young gentleman who plays the part of the merchant sailor in *Dan'l Druce* as an "abstract and brief chronicle of the time," it is fair to infer that the gait of the British seaman was strikingly peculiar—as far back as Blake's time. Whether the straddle came in at a period anterior to that it is impossible to say.

CONSOLATORY motto, altered for the purpose, that will presently be applied by spiritualists to Dr. Lankester:—
"Remote O Ray, from worldliness and thee."

WHEN a touch-and-go light comedian is entrusted by an author with a new part which, in the opinion of the said comedian, affords him but slight opportunity for the exhibition of his varied powers, is it competent for him to "drop into poetry," *a la* Silas Wegg? If it is not, Mr. Charles Warner, of the St. James's Theatre, will oblige by ceasing in future his aggravated mutilations of the writings of the late Lord Byron.

THE dramatic critic of the *Morning Post* should take care lest in the full tide of his enthusiastic yearning "to leave the world better than he found it" (*Progress Poet*), he slightly mistake his vocation. We are always delighted to hear him, or from him. To dwell upon him in the mellifluous voices of the Moore-than-Burgess Minstrels, or to pore over them in the conspicuous columns of his ineffably exclusive journal; but he mustn't be ill-natured. As a modern rhapsodist would exclaim, "Hats off to the Critic—when he criticises!" but when the critic turns languidly from the stage to sneer at the crowd in front, he becomes a gratuitous nuisance, and must be treated as such. On Saturday night last a number of the people who helped the *Morning Post* critic to sit in judgment on "Three Millions of Money" happened—poor, unsophisticated things!—to exclaim "Bravo" in the wrong place; that is to say, they applauded when he frowned; and this, if you please, is his deliverance in consequence: "Instead of the honest 'gods' who in the good old times were often no bad judges of a play, and whose rough-and-ready criticisms were wont to contribute in no slight degree to the enjoyment of the performance, we have now invariably on a first night in every London theatre a band of uproarious claqueurs, whose turbulent and ill-timed demonstrations only bring ridicule upon the cause they attempt to befriend. It would be an insult to common sense to interpret the insensate row of these rioters, who were, as usual, in strong force on Saturday evening, as a

genuine expression of public opinion. As well might one so regard the noise of the clapper wielded by a boy in a corn field to scare the crows. The *claque* is now quite as much an institution of the theatrical world in London as ever it was in Paris, with this difference however, that in the French capital there is a captain to regulate the venal enthusiasm of his followers, and instruct them when and how to applaud, whereas the *claque*, left to their own absurd devices, clap hands and shout 'Bravo,' in and out of season, with an indiscriminating rapture which defeats its own purpose and only serves to provoke derision." In future—we suppose there is really no help for it—in future first-night audiences must take their cue from the critic of the *Morning Post*.

MISS MARION TERRY.

SHE is the most modest member of a clever family. In years past—and that present—Kate and Ellen were and are regarded as "the best possible" of the Terrys; but thanks to the Haymarket performance, we are enabled to pay our testimony to the sweetest performance that was ever seen on the English stage. We have already expressed our warm approval of her impersonation of Dorothy in *Dan'l Druce*; and we have only to add that she augments the number of her admirers every night.

In respect of her portrait which we give on the front page, we may say that Miss Marion Terry made her first appearance in London at the Olympic Theatre, in 1873, in the comedietta called *A Game of Romps*. Miss Terry remained there during that season, and in 1874 joined the Strand company, where she played for two seasons, and is now at the Haymarket. This, with the exception of her playing Ophelia a few nights at Leeds and Manchester constitutes her theatrical career.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED from J. S. Salter, W. P., Martyr, A. P. Newman, Tor Royal, T. D. P., and S. A. G.

W. P.—If you will favour us with a copy of the position, we will endeavour to send you the solution.

ADMIRAL and S. A. G.—We fear our solution of Problem No. 116 was not sufficiently explicit. Try the following:—1. Q to K Kt 4 (ch), K to Q 4; 2. B to R 7, K to Q 3; 3. Q to K B 5, and mates next move. If Black play 2. P to K 3, or 2. P to K 4, White mates by 3. Q to Q 4 (ch), or K to Q 7th. Similarly, if Black play 1. K to K 4, the answer is 2. K takes P &c. In our former solution, of course, 1. K to Q 3 was a misprint for 1. K to Q 4th.

S. A. G.—You are in error with regard to Problem No. 115. In answer to 1. Q takes P, Black can play 1. K takes P, and how then do you mate next move?

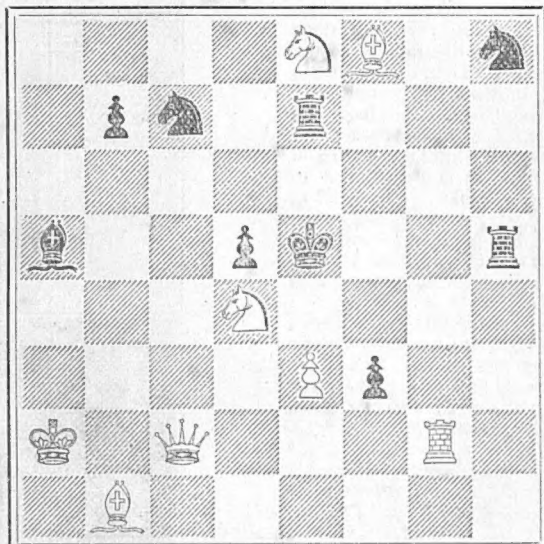
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 117.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K R 4, and mates next move.

PROBLEM NO. 118.

BY A. CYRIL PEARSON.

BLACK.



A LANCASHIRE SKATING-RINK.

THERE might perhaps be sixty or seventy rinkers rolling round, of whom probably a fourth were young ladies. Only about half the number were practised in the art; the rest moved about in clumsy, ungainly, tortuous fashion, and made us laugh immensely. The former constituted the light-comedy portion of the entertainment; the latter the farce and burlesque. There were not many big-wigs there, but that is easily accounted for—only moderately juvenile people can skate with comfort, and before a man attains to the dignity of a big-wig he is sure to have attained "the sere and yellow leaf." But there were sons and daughters of big-wigs there in plenty, and they tried to keep themselves as well as they could from rubbing against dressed-up factory lads and newly-groomed engine-tenters. Now and then a swell would find himself in concussion with an ordinary person, and he would look daggers at the o.p.; but mark the difference when young Mr. Spickanspan, the merchant's son, wheels upon him and sends him to the floor like a "griffin couchant." With what a sweet smile he accepts his flooring! He had rather be knocked to the ground by such as Spickanspan, jun., than merely have his coat-tail rubbed against by one of the common herd. The ladies are, taken as a whole, better skaters than the gentlemen. They skim, they glide, they float over the wooden surface like so many fairies or mythological goddesses. They seem to be much surer-footed too. For one lady who comes to disaster you will find a dozen of the sterner sex. The varieties of the *genus* skater are endless. Look at that tall young warehouseman, hot and hatless. Barnacles nicknames him Weston, because he simply walks round and round under the impression that he is skating. Weston is evidently a novice, and his greatest ambition at present is to be able to wipe the drops from his forehead without stopping or falling. Several times we notice him get his pocket-handkerchief half out, but his hand has suddenly to leave it in order to join the other hand and arms in a fierce wind-mill business. Once he succeeds in getting the handkerchief out. He carries it twice round the rink before he dare alter his balance, but at last he lifts it to his dewy brow and—comes a cropper. The pocket-handkerchief trick is as yet beyond his power. There are two or three posts down the middle of the room, and to one of these there is a broad-set, short-statured mechanic fondly clinging. He embraces it as if he were going to climb up after a prize leg of mutton. It is his anchor of safety. While he has hold of the post he knows he is all right, but let him be once cast adrift on the wooden sea-rink and shipwreck may come. This is the first time he has had a pair of skates on, but he knows it is the thing to skate, and he would fain learn. See, he is off! He is two yards away from the post, and he looks wildly around. He arches his shoulders, bends his head towards the floor, and holds his arms as if he were being "fitted on" for a new coat. His legs won't act in unison. One is attracted northward, the other southward. Now it is the right leg that gets the advantage, now it is the left, and now the body that is above them begins to wobble, wobble, wobble, until at length it lies down in a heap, preferring to demonstrate the laws of gravitation rather than the laws of roller-skating. Novices are afraid to trust themselves in mid-rink, so they go creeping and crawling round the wooded coast, or, like the mechanic, keep in the vicinity of the post. But the practised skaters go on in a never-ending round. Nothing stops them, nothing turns their attention away from the work of skating; "men may fall and men may slip, but they go on for ever." Look at young Light-love, with his brown summer overcoat and tall hat, gliding round and round, with his hands in his pockets, and his gaze directed at aristocratic vacancy. He smiles not, he looks not to the right or to the left, but sails round like an inanimate lay figure, set going by clockwork. Very different are the movements of little Foppitt. Little Foppitt goes in for speed. He is determined to have the *pas*, so he rushes on in bareheaded agitation, outdistancing everybody. Barnacles whispers—"What a lot of Siamese twins there are about." I catch the simile at once, and acknowledge its fitness. Skating in pairs is very fashionable. There are at least a dozen couples skating round at the present moment. Mr. Jackdaw and little Miss Muffitt, Mr. Spriggins and Miss Wiggins, long Tom Hawley and the elder Miss Snawley, are wheeling round. They clasp each other by both hands, forming a graceful intertwining, and away they go whispering—or rather shouting—tender words of love or gossip in each other's ears. "Eyes look love to eyes that speak again," the game of flirtation goes merrily on, the music ebbs and flows amid the thunder of the wheels, collisions take place incessantly, the hot air of the summer night creeps in through the windows, and altogether we almost feel as if we had been suddenly transported to a new, strange, and tumultuous clime.

"I'm for a pair of skates myself at the next rink," said Barnacles, as we moved off from Chesham-street.

"I'll do a little more watching and waiting before I follow your example," I observed.

All the way to Belle Vue, Barnacles was telling me of his skating exploits at Keighley Farm, Yeadon, the New Miller's Dam, and other icy regions. "If I could do that with real skates on real ice, surely I can manage to do a bit of curvetting with wheel skates on a wooden floor," he said.

"We shall see," I replied.

When we came to the Belle Vue Rink we were assailed by a glare of gas, the sound of a brass band, and the rumbling noise of many wheels. Barnacles got his skates and walked proudly up to the fitting-on room. It took a long time to get properly strapped on to the wheels, and even then he showed a strange reluctance to emerge into the skating arena. He wasted much time in skating up and down the little room, saying he just wanted to feel his feet. It was like the small boy practising on the street slide before venturing on to a proper sheet of ice. At length, however, he was chaffed into making his public *début*, and a small band of *confrères* cheered him as he sidled along the room, holding by a rail which runs down one side of it. I walked beside him, and

a considerable time, like a trapezist waiting to begin his performance. But in a while—a long while—he seemed to think he had become initiated into the art and mystery of roller-skating, and, with a meaning look at me, he freed himself from the rope, and struck boldly out. Slow and unsteady were his movements at first, but little by little he gained confidence, made larger strokes, and grew more erect, and then he made a desperate dash forward, and was borne into the arms of a young lady, who clung to him with something more than a feeling of affection. Her equilibrium depended upon his, and she stuck to him until both were properly adjusted. After that his mode of steering improved, and he began to talk of making "figures of eight."—"Saunterer" (Mr. James Burnley) in the *Bradford Observer*.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

THE Betterton Amateur Dramatic Club, which gave its twelfth performance at this hall on Thursday, the 12th inst., has raised itself from its original modest position to almost the foremost rank among amateur societies. It has flown high on several occasions, and always with success; and its last flight was perhaps its highest and most successful—a new three-act play, adapted from *L'Escamoteur*, by Mr. Harry Procter, was produced, together with the capital farce *Done on Both Sides*. In the latter, all the interest centred in Mr. H. Tree, whose Whiffles was, if not absolutely the best, certainly the most promising thing he has done. Though founded, no doubt, to a certain extent upon the style of Mr. J. S. Clarke, his acting showed an originality and a fertile humour which, with hard work and careful schooling, may really lead to great things in the line of grotesque eccentricity which is particularly his. The make-up was typical of the performance—it was exaggerated, not very well carried out, and not altogether consistent, but it was intensely funny, very characteristic, and quite new. The acting corresponded to this; many points that Mr. Tree evidently saw and meant to make he failed to convey to the audience; many he spoilt by exaggeration, by hurry, or by want of weight; but it was perhaps the only amateur performance that ever made us really laugh; it was genuinely a creation, which time and work may well mature into a really broad and artistic caricature. Of the others, Mr. Bradbury was the best; he did not make very much of Phibbs, but we do not think it really a good part. Miss Barnes made a graceful Lydia; but Miss Ford had no conception whatever of Mrs. Whiffles. Mr. Tweedie was bad in the farce, and much worse in the drama. Of this latter, as a play, we need not say much; it is avowedly an adaptation; but Mr. Procter has done his work boldly, reducing the five acts of the original to three, and entirely altering—certainly for the better—the termination. Perhaps a little compression of the dialogue might here and there be an improvement; and it might, to advantage, be made more simple in some places; but altogether *Changes* is, without doubt, a good and effective play. It was well acted too—for amateurs, most unusually well. The author himself, Mr. Harry Procter, had a tremendous part, and proved himself thoroughly equal to it. One chance only he missed—there might have been a grand energetic burst at his exit in the third act, and he let it drag. Otherwise he was most powerful, in some of his great scenes one might "have heard a pin fall." His make-up, too, in the first and second acts, was admirable; in the third, not so good. Next to Mr. Procter came, certainly, Mr. Lewis Lewis—as "the villain of the piece," Roland Yeames—with one of the most artistic and finished "makes-up" ever



MR. JAMES SMITH, THE OWNER OF "ROSEBERY."

urged him to dash forward. "Wait a minute," he said, "and I'll show you how it's done," and he did show me, and rather sooner than he had anticipated. As he uttered the last words his heels shot from under him, and, although he had hold to the railing, he was carried underneath it with astonishing velocity, and in an instant found himself landed in a sitting posture at the door of the refreshment-room, outside the skater's pale altogether. He picked himself up and smiled; then, with undaunted courage, he resumed his hold of the rail, and crawled a few yards further down the edge of the apartment. The more skilful rinkers were rushing round at a tremendous pace, but I could not afford to bestow any notice upon them until I had got my friend fairly off. His reputation was at stake, and I trembled for it. "Flush off, Barnacles," I whispered; "for my sake, flush off." "I did flush off, didn't I?" said Barnacles, in a tone of chagrin. "Go into the middle," I urged. "It's all very well saying, 'Go into the middle,'" said Barnacles; "but there's something wrong with these skates. They keep falling to one side." Presently a skating friend came up and took him by the arm. He let go of the rails and began kicking his heels in such a strange style that he sank to the ground and bore his friend with him; and at the same instant two other skaters fell over him, making the disaster still more serious. Then some one piloted him to a rope that dangles from the roof, and he played with that

seen on the amateur stage. Except for a curious rolling walk, and now and then some slight conventionality, there was scarcely a fault to be found with Mr. Lewis's acting. It had finish and decision—the rarest of all qualities among amateurs; he saw his points and made them, and had done with them, like an actor.

Mr. Bradbury, in the part of Bob Busk, was also exceedingly good; he was throughout so entirely natural and unconscious, and the burst of cheering at his exit in Act 3 was thoroughly well earned. Of Mr. Herbert Tree's comic pathos and awkward gestures we will say little—they are faults which only concern himself; but his ignorance of his part, which ruined an important scene at the end of the play, was a far more serious matter, and was altogether inexcusable.

Two of the minor parts in the piece were played very carefully by Messrs. Byrton and Chester. Of the ladies, Miss Evelyn Stuart and Miss Pattie Bell, we are glad to be able to speak well; the former, as Lady Lyndhurst, showed real power and feeling in a difficult situation, and the latter played Ethel, though it is not a very prominent part, as well as we ever saw her play anything—which is very well. Indeed, we thought that both Miss Bell and Mr. Procter had gained decidedly in quietness, and therefore in effectiveness, since last we saw them.

THE BRIGHTON COACH HORSES.

THOSE to whom public spirit, liberality, and enterprise are sufficient inducements to minister to the pleasures of their fellow-countrymen, by assisting in the coaching revival now so popular amongst us, confer something more than a mere transient benefit upon the community at large. Amateur coaching clubs mean something more than mere good fellowship and conviviality—they mean the best paraphernalia of the science of “coachmanship” that money can purchase, the neatest turn-outs, and the most workmanlike teams. All the country is ransacked for the material required to take in hand any of the roads leading from the great heart of the country to places of commercial importance or pictorial or historical interest, within easy driving distances. And the public reaps a double benefit from that which affords amusement to their benefactors; for not only are they enabled to escape from the dirt, heat, and discomfort of railroads during the summer months, and to realise to the full the “pleasures of the road,” as fondly dilated upon by their ancestors, but they enjoy an additional advantage, in being able, at the end of the season, when the coaches are taken off their various routes, to pick and choose what animals they may please from the “unreserved sales” which have been, and are still in course of being held, at the principal London marts. The value of such a boon as this can hardly be overrated, as those on the look-out for something to carry them or draw them during the winter, have all the advantages of a public trial during the time when the coach is running, and possess besides all but a material guarantee for the soundness of the animals submitted to public competition at the close of the season. The coaches which make the neighbourhood of White Horse Cellar so gay and animated a rendezvous during the summer months are no longer refuges for the halt, the maimed, and the lame, as in former days, but a generous rivalry among amateur coachmen prevails, and they vie with each other in collecting

and putting together the most evenly-matched and cleverest teams, to the exclusion of broken-down hackneys and superannuated trappers, which find more congenial occupation upon the cab-rank. As the Brighton road was one of the last to retain its venerable “Age,” after the railway invasion, so, when the cheery horn once more woke the echoes of the highway, it was along this well-known thoroughfare that the coaching revival felt its way, anxiously at first, but soon more boldly, assured by public support of future maintenance upon a firm basis of popularity. Many have handled the reins of power since the “Brighton coach” became an assured success, but none have carried out affairs in better style or with greater liberality than Mr. Stewart Freeman, whose horses come up for sale in St. Martin’s-lane on Wednesday next. Let those who deem it to be an easy task to bring together horses such as those to be dispersed in the ensuing week, try the experiment themselves, bearing in mind the fact that the public will not come forward to purchase stale and aged horses after their season’s work, but that fresh young animals are indispensable, and, moreover, that, when in their new owners’ stables before the coaching season commences, they have to be put together, and regularly drilled and disciplined to a business quite fresh to the majority of them. The sister isle has been Mr. Freeman’s chief source of supply for horsing the Brighton coach, and all these horses were purchased with the characters appended to their names in the catalogue, though of course they are sold without any kind of warranty as to soundness. Most of them are from five to six years old, and, like the majority of Irish horses, are natural jumpers, but in many instances with this gift so improved and developed as to be capable of taking their part over any country at the commencement of regular hunting, the opening days of which are now so close upon us. Many of them look cross-country horses all over, and those who do not aspire to carry scarlet are most useful animals of their kind as hacks and roadsters, nearly all of them having safe and good *trotting* action, which, while it is a

quality not to be despised in a hunter, is absolutely indispensable to horses intended for purposes of carrying weight or of drawing it along on high roads. We cannot imagine a better method of finishing a hunter’s education than that of initiating him in regular but not heavy harness work during his five-year-old summer. An ancient prejudice still lingers amongst us, that the horse should only be permitted to practise in the sphere for which he was specially designed, and there are numbers of people still, though far fewer than formerly, who would shrink from the bare suggestion of allowing a hunter or riding horse to take his turn in harness when required. Many hunters, of course, may not be adapted for this business, but the great majority will be benefited by a change of work, and will be thus rendered doubly valuable after they have become incapacitated from taking part in the labours of the chase. Add to this the benefit of laying one’s hand upon horses in good sound hard condition at the beginning of the hunting season, which can take the field at once if required, and do not need a gradual preparation, entailing the loss of half a season to their owners. Those who go the rounds at Aldridge’s before the sale on Wednesday next, will find the Brighton coach horses full of muscle and fine condition, and ready for any sort of work as soon as they reach their new homes. There has been no pampering or making up for sale, for the horses did their last journey only three days ago, and beyond a trifling accident to one of their number (who will come up with the rest), they are singularly free from blemish, and fit to “go into any society.” From 15½ to 16 hands is their average of height, and there are no weedy ones among them, though, on the other hand, they are all remarkably handy, and have not been selected for mere substance, to the disregard of pace and action, both of which are essentials in the business for which they were intended.

As we have said before, men intent on each particular grade of pleasure associated with horseflesh, may be suited here:—the more ambitious teamster; the humbler amateur in search of a thoroughly



SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF “DAN’L DRUCE” AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

AUTUMN ANGLING.

As the angling season draws towards its close, we hear of improved sport on those waters on which the late or autumn salmon fishing is carried on. For some time anglers have met with indifferent sport. Fish have been reported plentiful in several districts, but the water has unfortunately run either “too small” or else “too big,” and comparatively few fish have been landed. Some of the captures of the last few days are worth recording. On the Spey a large number of fine fish have been landed. Last week the principal captures on the Gordon Castle water were as follows:—On Friday the Duke of Richmond took two salmon, 24lbs. and 21lbs., and two grilse, the largest a fine fish of 10lbs. On the same day the Earl of March took a salmon of 20lbs.; Lord Alexander Gordon Lennox a salmon of 22lbs.; Colonel Home a salmon of 24lbs.; Colonel Pearson two salmon, 23lbs. and 21lbs.; and Colonel Wellesley a grilse of 8lbs. On the Monday previous Colonel Pearson took a salmon of 20½lbs., Sir H. Fletcher one of 21lbs., and Captain Duncombe a salmon of 19½lbs. On Tuesday the Countess of March took two fine grilse weighing 9½lbs. and 8lbs., and Lady Florence Gordon Lennox two also, 8lbs. and 6lbs. The Earl of March had splendid sport, landing no fewer than five salmon and a grilse; the three largest salmon weighed respectively 20½lbs., 19lbs., and 18lbs., and the grilse 8½lbs. The Hon. A. Liddell on the same day brought to bank two salmon, 21lbs. and 15lbs., and two grilse, 9lbs. and 8lbs. Lord Alexander Gordon Lennox three salmon—one of 29½lbs., one of 22lbs., and one of 17lbs.; Colonel Pearson took a fish of 24lbs.; Colonel Duncombe two fine grilse, weighing respectively 10½lbs. and 7½lbs.; Sir H. Fletcher took a splendid salmon of 30lbs. and another smaller fish; Mr. Whalley three grilse, 10lbs., 8lbs., and 6lbs.; and Colonel Heavyside a grilse of 8lbs. Next day a salmon of 25lbs. was taken by Mr. H. Liddell, and a grilse of 8lbs. by Mr. Whalley. On Thursday the Earl of March landed three salmon and two grilse. The former included fish of 22lbs. and 21lbs., and the

latter weighed respectively 10½lbs. and 8lbs. Mr. Liddell took two salmon, 29½lbs. and 23lbs., and a grilse of 8lbs.; Mr. Whalley two salmon and a grilse, weighing respectively 23lbs., 18lbs., and 8½lbs.; Colonel Home took three grilse, 10lbs., 7½lbs., and 6½lbs.; Colonel Pearson a fine salmon of 30lbs.; the Countess of March a grilse of 8lbs.; Lady Florence Gordon Lennox a salmon of 14lb. On Saturday the Earl of March took three salmon, 26lbs., 21lbs., and 18lbs.; Lord Francis Gordon Lennox a splendid fish of 32lbs.; Mr. A. Liddell three salmon, the largest 23lbs.; Lady Frances Gordon Lennox a salmon of 17lbs.; Colonel Wellesley a grilse of 9½lbs.; and Captain Vivian a grilse of 10lbs. Other fish were also taken on that day. In the Tay a number of fish have been captured. On Monday last Mr. L. Ruthven is said to have killed no fewer than fourteen salmon on Taymouth water. On the Tweed the latest captures of note were made by the Hon. C. Ellis, who, on the Sprouston water, in one day took four fish, the largest a beauty of 44lbs.; Mr. Denison also took a number of fish, and Mr. Grove Rooper in the Kelso district has had good sport.

On Monday last a splendid new-run salmon was taken on the Tay, on the lower Cargill water, which weighed 48lbs. On the Dee the water has been in good order, and a large number of fish have been landed. On Durris water a salmon of 30lbs. was landed by Mr. H. T. Holford, who also took several smaller fish on other days. On Culter water Mr. Todd’s captures on Friday included a fish of 36lbs. At Feugh Mouth the keeper killed four fish on Monday, and six on Tuesday, all small. At Cairnton on Tuesday Mr. J. Watson killed four fish, the largest 30lbs.; Mr. D. Rae killed one of 26lbs. On the Park water a salmon of 28lbs. was taken on Monday; also one of 26lbs. These are but few of the fish taken during the week on the Dee, where the fishing has been very good.

Some of our English rivers are still open, and will remain so for some time to come.

useful pair; the “one horse man” who cannot face the demands of dealers; the searcher after hunters, be he welter, middle, or feather weight; and the lover of a safe “conveyance” along the paths of Macadam. Stewart and Surplice are matched to perfection, not only as regards height and shape, but also in their paces, a most important point for consideration. Sardanapalus and Saracen possess the additional recommendation of being matched in colour, and both were hunted last season, while in a team they are remarkably useful, running equally well as leader or wheelers. Gentlemen requiring a sharp, active pair for country work, will find Sempstress and Sincerity “willing to make themselves generally useful,” either in single or double harness, and the former went through last hunting season without a mistake. There is an universal demand at all times for thoroughly good brougham horses; not those of colossal proportions, who show at their best while standing still, but active, well-mannered horses, of the stamp of Sampson, Shrewsbury, and Sociable, all with right sort of character for this kind of work, and the two latter well-known as useful members of the Handcross team. Senator is one of the good old-fashioned hunter stamp, up to any weight and quite in his place on either side of the pole; Steadfast and Sensible are both sixteen or seventeen stone hunters, but very handy and well actioned; while Surrey, Somerset, Sang Froid, Syren, Satisfaction, Staunch, and Sterling, look like giving a good account of themselves over any country. Many of those with high characters as hunters, likewise hack well; and we shall be surprised if the average price obtained for each of the two score and three does not “top” any yet realised this season for horses of this description; and plenty of those who have sat behind them while the property of another, will be glad to renew acquaintance with them as their own.

THE Royal Southern Yacht Club has decided to adopt the rules of the Yacht Racing Association.

MUSIC.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

THERE are few operas which have enjoyed a larger amount of continuous popularity than *Il Trovatore*. Although the plot is not very comprehensible, and no one could ever fathom the relations between the heroine (Leonora) and the Count di Luna, the drama is abundantly provided with dramatic situations and thrilling incidents, which awaken powerful emotions during their development. The music is not the best which Verdi has written; but is very good, and the opera contains a number of those catching melodies which the mass of mankind have always enjoyed, and are likely still to enjoy, despite all efforts by unmelodious composers to inaugurate the reign of tuneless opera. The performance of *Il Trovatore* by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, on Saturday last was highly meritorious, and presented some special features which are entitled to notice. Mdlle. Torriani acquitted herself well as Leonora. The dialogue being carried on in recitative, she was more at her ease than in parts which demand facility in English-speaking, and her success was proportionably greater. In her opening aria "Tacea la notte" (we use the familiar Italian titles), she showed herself to be mistress of the florid declamatory style; and in the slow movement of the Miserere scene, "D'amor sull' ali rosee," she sang with true pathos and expression. Miss Yorke is evidently a painstaking artist, and her steady improvement is remarkable. In the trying part of Azucena, she showed genuine dramatic power, and her singing in "Stride la Vampa," the duet with Manrico, and the trio in the prison scene, was sympathetic and effective. Mr. Packard's acting, in the character of Manrico, also showed considerable improvement, although it left much to be desired. Mr. Packard, like many other young artists, is oppressed with self-consciousness. There is no reason to doubt that he appreciates the requirements of such a part, for instance, as that of Manrico, and can fully conceive the emotions which must stir Manrico's soul at various stages of the drama. But, apparently, he cannot forget the presence of an audience, and when about to give way to the natural development of dramatic feeling, is checked by the recollection that his movements are watched. Hence come the usual results; stiffness of manner, conventionality of gesture, and an appearance of frigidity. Every allowance must be made for young artists, but the sooner Mr. Packard can shake off the anxious consciousness of his position in reference to his audience, and lose his own individuality in that of the personage he represents, the better it will be for himself. Mr. Packard's voice and vocalisation have both improved. Last season, only his high notes were conspicuously good. The middle register of his voice is now fuller and richer, and his mezza voce more effective. He sang well throughout the performance, and made a grand success in the declamatory aria "Di quella pira," in which he introduced an "upper C from the chest," which was not only powerful but brilliant and silvery in quality; indeed, we have never heard so satisfactory an *ut de poitrine*. Mr. Packard was recalled three times, but wisely refrained from repeating the aria. The applause was due, not only to the chest C, but to his spirited delivery of the entire aria; and we trust he will not fall into the fatal mistake of imperilling his future career by cultivating exceptional high notes to the detriment of other portions of his voice. Mr. Stevens was more than equal to the part of Ferrando, and the minor parts were well filled. A special and remarkable success was made by Mr. Ludwig as the Count di Luna. He has never before been heard in a character of such importance; and although he has shown himself a thorough artist by his careful and effective renderings of minor parts, few of the audience were prepared for such a revelation of vocal and dramatic power as on this occasion he exhibited. His voice is a rich baritone, of delightful quality, and high compass. He sings in finished style; and we doubt if there be any baritone living who could surpass his delivery of "Il Balen," which elicited enthusiastic applause. We shall look for further opportunities of hearing Mr. Ludwig in those first baritone parts for which he is so well qualified by natural gifts and finished cultivation. The choruses and ballets were capitally executed; and the *mise en scène*—particularly that of the second act, with its rocky background—reflected great credit on Mr. Arthur Howell's stage management. The performance was directed by Mr. Carl Rosa in his usual masterly manner, and was warmly applauded by a crowded audience.

Madame Arabella Goddard last week made her re-appearance at St. James's Hall, after an absence from England of nearly four years. Her playing was characterised by the exquisite finish of style, intellectuality of conception, and perfect mechanism for which she has always been conspicuous. She was affectionately welcomed by a large and brilliant audience, amongst whom were a large number of the most eminent members of the musical profession; and she was not only warmly applauded during her recital, but enthusiastically recalled at the conclusion. That she was very nervous was quite obvious; but it is a pitiable fact that her nervousness met with little sympathy from some of the small fry of the press; and she had the honour of being attacked by contemptible pretenders to the task of criticism, who spoke of the great artiste as having always been "coldly correct," although four years ago they bespattered her with worthless praise. The "warmly incorrect" kind of pianiste may obtain the admiration of half-educated people, who are easily imposed upon by the theatrical gestures and eccentric readings of musical *convulsionnaires*, but real musicians appreciate and admire the splendid pianoforte playing of Arabella Goddard all the more, because of her entire freedom from tricks and affectations. England may well be proud of this great artiste; and the general chorus of loving welcome with which she has been received, has been little disturbed by the yelps of one or two impotent ignorami.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales on Thursday last honoured the performance of *The Flying Dutchman*, by the Carl Rosa Company, with their presence.

A distinguished German artist writes to the *Athenæum* from Vienna on the 3rd inst.:—"Many persons of my acquaintance are not yet quite recovered from their moral and physical sufferings at the Bayreuth Festsplele. You will see that a complete reaction will take place very shortly, and that Herr Wagner, with all his absurdities, will be forgotten soon. The only advantage gained from his music in the *Nibelungen* is, that it is not possible for other directors to mount the work, and the composer turns this fact to account by pretending that he fears there can be no efficient execution as at Bayreuth; this may be possibly a manoeuvre on his part to secure a repetition of the series next year, if visitors could be induced in sufficient numbers to go to his Opernhaus. It is doubted whether the director of our theatre, Herr Jauner, will produce the *Walküre* without considerable curtailments, and without an alteration in the story, but Wagner is not very easy to deal with; he has a will of his own, and so have the Viennese audiences, who showed it strongly when the attempt was made to introduce the composer's mythological monstrosities in the *Tannhäuser*.

The statement that Madame Adelina Patti had accepted an engagement to create the principal part in M. Gounod's new

opera *Polyeucte* to be produced during the Exhibition year at the Grand Opéra in Paris (1878), has no foundation. The lady will, after all, fulfil her engagement at Moscow and St. Petersburg, where she will stay eleven weeks. She leaves Paris during the second week in November.

Madame Nilsson has returned to Paris from her successful tour in Sweden, &c., and will next visit Holland, under the direction of Herr Ullmann. Her operatic performances in Vienna will be in January next, and she will sing in German at the Imperial Opera-house in the *Huguenots*, *Lohengrin*, *Faust*, *Mignon*, and *Hamlet*.

The Imperial Italian Opera Company, now going through the provinces, finds we fear but scant encouragement. The local papers speak in high terms of Mdlle. Emma Howson and praise the company as a whole.

On Wednesday the Duke of Westminster presided at a meeting held at Rhyll for the purpose of promoting the foundation of free musical scholarships in connection with the National Training School for Music, which were to be competed for by the youth of North Wales. The scholarships will be of the value of £40 for five years, and gained by competition only. The Duke of Westminster, who was supported by Sir Henry Cole, the Bishop of Bangor, and gentlemen connected with the school, and Society of Arts, said this school was established to prevent English pupils from seeking training at foreign schools, England hitherto having been at a disadvantage in this respect. The musical taste evinced at the Welsh Eisteddfod proved that Welsh scholarships were needed. Sir Henry Cole produced a programme of an eisteddfod held under King Arthur's presidency twelve centuries ago (!), and urged that Welsh musical fame should be sustained. A district was formed, and a good start made in the movement before the close of the meeting.

THE DRAMA.

To the long list of theatres already open in London, three more have been added this week—the St. James's, Royal Park, and Charing Cross, under its new designation of "The Folly." Messrs. Sanger commence their season at the National Amphitheatre to-night; the Royalty opens on Monday for a series of French plays; Mr. Hollingshead reopens the Opera Comique on Monday week, the 30th inst.; and Mr. Hare commences his season at the Court on the same evening, or very soon afterwards, so that in another fortnight every theatre in the metropolis will be in full operation.

The St. James's opened on Saturday under the renewed management of Mrs. John Wood, with an eccentric comedy, entitled *Three Millions of Money*, an adaptation by Messrs. F. Lyster and Joseph Mackay, of the French piece, *Les Trentes Mille de Gladiator*; on the same evening, the Royal Park Theatre, at Camden-town, opened under the management of Mr. T. H. Friend, with Messrs. Creswick, W. H. Stephens, J. H. Barnes, Charles Creswick, and Miss Caroline Parkes as his leading artistes. The *pièce de résistance* in the inaugural programme was a play of strong domestic interest entitled *The Ray of Light*, adapted from the French drama *L'Avengle*; and on Monday evening Mr. Alexander Henderson opened the Folly, late the Charing Cross, with a revised version of the famous *Blue Beard*, supported by Miss Lydia Thompson and nearly the original cast.

There has been but little change in the current programmes of the other theatres during the week. At the Haymarket the late Bayle Barnard's comedy *The Balance of Comfort*, with Miss Annie Lafontaine (who made so favourable an impression in *The Unequal Match* at the Charing Cross last year) as Mrs. Torrington, and Mr. C. Harcourt as Torrington, now precedes Mr. Gilbert's successful play of *Dan'l Druce*; and the "musical absurdity" entitled *Crazed*, with Mr. Hill in his original character, has been added to the programme of the Olympic.

At the Gaiety Matinée on Saturday, Mr. Byron's comedy, "Cyril's Success," with the same cast as before, was performed in lieu of *Généviève de Brabant* and *Trial by Jury*, as previously announced.

At the National Standard, Mrs. Rousby continued her impersonation of the Princess Elizabeth in *Twixt Axe and Crown*, on the first four evenings of the week, and was to appear as Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons* last night and to-night, when she terminates her engagement here. Monday next is fixed for the production of the new play entitled *True to Death*, which the Messrs. Douglass have been making great preparations for some time. It is an adaptation of *Un Drame sous Philippe II.*, which was performed with great success at the Odeon, Paris, last year. Miss Helen Barry and Messrs. William Rignold, W. Redmond, and Henry Marston are engaged for the leading characters.

At the Crystal Palace, the Dickens's Series of Plays, under the direction of Charles Wyndham, continue to be greatly attractive. Martin Chuzzlewit, with Mr. S. Emery and Mr. John Clarke, in their old parts was given on Tuesday; and *Dombey and Son*, with Mr. Emery as Captain Cuttle, and Miss Helen Barry as Edith Dombey, was selected for Thursday.

Mr. Byron's comedy, *Partners for Life*, will be represented at to-day's matinée, at the Gaiety, with Mr. David Fisher and Miss Fanny Josephs in their original characters, Mr. Terry as Muggles, Mr. Charles Warner as the hero, and Miss Marie Litton in the part originally played by Miss Addison. The usual day performance of *Henry V.*, at the Queen's, and of Broekman's trained animals, at the Duke's, will also take place this afternoon.

To-night, Messrs. Sanger re-open the National Amphitheatre (late Astley's) with a new military spectacle, entitled *Waterloo*, by Mr. Akhurst, preceded by Scenes in the Circle, by the numerous equestrian troupe.

On Monday, the Royalty reopens for a series of French plays, under the direction of Messrs. W. S. Emden and Valnay, commencing with *Le Panache*, which will be represented for the first time in England.

FOLLY THEATRE.

THE Charing Cross Theatre, under its new designation of "The Folly," was opened on Monday evening by Mr. Alexander Henderson, with a revised version of Mr. Farnie's remarkably successful burlesque, *Blue Beard*. The interior of the theatre, greatly improved, and rendered more commodious and comfortable by considerable reconstruction, has been entirely redecorated in a style of great elegance, richness of colour, and good taste. The new act-drop, painted by Messrs. Telbin and Son, of crimson damask and white lace drapery, with the figure of "Folly," capped and belled, as a centre medallion, is in harmonious unison with the corresponding rich silk and lace curtains of the private boxes and upholstery of the stalls and dress circle seats. The burlesque is mounted with new scenery and dresses, the new costumes of Hassan and his fellow pages being especially handsome and elegantly designed; new jokes, in allusion to present current events, are introduced into the dialogue and famous "Fraud" song, and some new music is also added. Often as they have been repeated, the grotesque vagaries of Mr. Lionel Brough as the Cerulian wife-slayer, and Mr. Willie Edouin as Corporal Zoug-Zoug, and the "Heathen Chinese;" the refined vivacity, and clever singing and graceful dancing of Miss Lydia Thompson as Selim, and of Miss

Ella Chapman as Oshacabac, are still as highly relished and afford as much pleasure as ever. Almost every song and dance are nightly encored, and, as of yore, the "Fraud" song and chorus have to be repeated five or six times each night. One of the new musical numbers, "A Love Legend," sung by Miss Lydia Thompson, with a quaint refrain as a chorus, has created a great hit, and meets with a double encore. Fatima and Sister Anne find pretty representatives in Miss Violet Cameron and Miss Keene, who render very pleasingly and prettily a duet introduced for the sisters; and Miss Topsy Venn is again the gay head-page, Hassan. Judging from the continued favour with which the burlesque is still received, it would appear to have entered on a new lease of popularity. During the week *Blue Beard* has been preceded by the comic drama, *Man is not Perfect*, a version of the same French piece which formed the foundation of Mr. Clement Scott's little sketch, *Off the Line*, Mr. Lionel Brough and Miss Maria Davis sustaining, with marked care and artistic finish, the characters of Harry and Jane Hallet, the working man and his wife. On Monday next this will give place to Mr. Henderson's first novelty, a new comedy by Mr. Harry Paulton, entitled *Pecksniff*.

ROYAL PARK THEATRE.

THE exceedingly pretty theatre, "The Royal Park," first known as "The Alexandra," situated in Park-street, Camden-town, was opened on Saturday evening under the management of Mr. T. H. Friend, with a very good company, headed by the eminent and deservedly popular actor, Mr. Creswick, and associated with whom are several other established favourites, including Mr. W. H. Stephens, Mr. S. H. Barnes, Mr. Creswick, jun., and Miss Caroline Parkes. The chief item in the attractive opening programme consisted of an adaptation from *L'Avengle*, of M.M. Bourgois and D'Enery, under the title of *The Ray of Light*, a drama which, from its strong domestic interest, stirring incidents, and situations alternately highly dramatic and pathetic, is admirably suited to the playgoers of this populous locality, while it has the further advantage of being represented throughout in a more artistic and complete style than usually characterises performances at suburban theatres. The main thread of the story of *The Ray of Light* is clearly developed through the four acts into which the drama is divided, and is deeply touching from the affliction which falls upon the youthful hero, Henri, who, falsely accused of theft, and discarded by his new-found father, is suddenly struck with blindness as he has entered a prosperous career as an artist. The success of the piece was largely due to the lightness and sympathetic geniality with which Mr. Creswick sustained the character of the cheery good-hearted, humpbacked physician Desange. Mr. J. H. Barnes displayed infinite care and earnestness as the young hero, Henri; his repose and serenity of resignation under the affliction of blindness during the last two acts were true to nature, and the fixed stare of the sightless eyes was well maintained; the assumption was also distinguished for its touching pathos during these acts. Mr. W. H. Stephens was excellent as the representative of the old merchant, Mons. Dorville, Mr. Charles Creswick did his best with the ungrateful part of the young libertine, Victor Dorville, and the two ladies, Lucille and Ernestine, were represented with intelligence and care by Miss Phillis Glover and Miss Helen Ashton. The drama was preceded by Mr. Theyre Smith's comedietta, *A Happy Pair*, pleasantly enacted by Mr. Charles Creswick and Miss Annie Travers, and was followed by the farce of *The Middy Ashore*, with Miss Caroline Parkes as Harry Halcyon, one of her most popular assumptions, and Mr. W. H. Stephens as the old salt Tom Cringle.

Mr. Toole makes his reappearance at the Gaiety on Monday, December 4.

Mr. Wills's play of *Nell Gwynne*, written expressly for Miss Fowler, will be produced in the early spring, if not before, and probably at the Royalty.

Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Wilkie Collins's play *No Thoroughfare* is in rehearsal, and will shortly be revived at the Olympic. Mr. Henry Neville will resume his original character of George Vendale. Mr. Arthur Stirling, who may be remembered as the original apostate schoolmaster in *Leah* at the Adelphi, is engaged to sustain Mr. Fechter's part of Obenreizer, Miss Maggie Brennan will be the Sally Goldstraw, and Miss Carlisle and Messrs. Flocton and Hill are included in the cast.

The Opera Comique will open under the management of Mr. John Hollingshead, on Monday week, the 30th instant, with Mr. Collette in Mr. Maltby's farcical comedy, *Bounce*, and other entertainments.

At length the management of the Criterion announce the last nights of *The Great Divorce Case*, which must shortly be withdrawn to make way for the production of a startling novelty.

Mr. W. H. Swanborough, the well-known actor and manager, for many years connected with the Strand Theatre, will commence a provincial tour on the 6th of next month, with a new entertainment, written specially for him by Mr. Oswald Allen. He will be accompanied by a number of accomplished artists, amongst them being Miss Jessie Mayland, a vocalist and dancer, who has been highly spoken of by the London and country papers; Miss Margaret Douglas, an actress of considerable ability, and Miss Nelly Ford, late pianiste to the Howard Pauls. Mr. Frank Stainforth, formerly acting manager of the Standard Theatre, will have control of the business arrangements.

On Monday, at the Alexandra Palace, Mrs. Stirling gave a reading of *The Tempest*; assisted by the introduction of Purcell's and Arne's famous music, and Sir Julius Benedict's overture. The vocalists were the Misses Sugden, Edith Bacon, and Mr. Lackner.

A large circle of professional friends will learn with regret that Mrs. E. Saker, wife of the respected Lessee of the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, met with a severe accident, whereby her knee-cap was dislocated, on Friday, the 29th ult., which will prevent her, not only from acting in Dublin, but, from appearing on the stage for some time.

We learn that Mr. Harry St. Maur and Mr. H. Davenport have taken the Theatre Royal, Southampton, which is now undergoing preparatory repairs and alterations, and will open with new scenery and Tom Taylor's historical play of *Glencarry*. Mrs. Rousby has been engaged to appear in *Twixt Axe and Crown*, and Mr. Odell, who is always a favourite, will also appear. A pantomime is in a stage of active preparation.

The programme at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment, at St. George's Hall, was altered last Wednesday, when Mr. F. C. Burnand's *Mildred's Well* was played for the first time this season, in lieu of *The Wicked Duke*. This was one of the most successful productions at the Gallery of Illustration, and will be performed until a new First Part, by Mr. F. C. Burnand, can be brought out. Mr. Corney Grain has promised to give a new "Sketch," in a few days.

WORMS IN DOGS.—Important testimony to the excellence of Naldire's Powders. "Scaffold, near Melton Mowbray, Jan. 7, 1875.—Keeping as I do so many very valuable mastiffs, probably as many as any breeder in England—I have used Naldire's Powders, and consider them as effectual, speedy and safe remedy for dogs.—(Signed) M. B. Wynne." Naldire's Powders are sold by all chemists, and by BARCLAY & SONS, 55, Farringdon Street, London.

MR. F. H. CELLI.

MR. F. H. CELLI was born in one of the northern suburbs of the metropolis thirty years since. In no sense of the term did he receive a musical education, but this cannot be regarded as surprising when the fact of his being of Quaker descent is remembered. He was educated for the Civil Service, and entered upon the duties in connection with the branch for which he had been prepared, at the age of eighteen. Meantime his passion for music had asserted itself in a marked manner, and he soon became known and admired in his own immediate circle—and, eventually, beyond the range of it—as a most promising singer of the light baritone school. In his twentieth year, Mr. Celli abandoned "the Service," and embraced the musical profession, being induced to take that important step by the earnest persuasion of a number of enthusiastic friends, and an offer from a manager who had heard him sing at an amateur concert in St. Martin's Hall, now the Queen's Theatre. Up to that period, Mr. Celli had seen but one dramatic performance, and that not on the operatic stage. As Mat-o'-the-Mint, in *The Beggar's Opera*, he made his first appearance at the Marylebone Theatre, and, notwithstanding his extreme nervousness and naïve ignorance of stage-business, scored a genuine success. One of his realistic touches—when the unfortunate artist who played Filch received a blow which brought down him and the house "at one fell swoop"—will be fresh in the memory of those present at the performance. By dint of hard work and incessant study, Mr. Celli gradually got through the necessary drudgery of his art, and, coming under the kindly and discriminative notice of the late Alfred Mellon, he was, on that excellent judge's recommendation, engaged by Bottesini, and sang at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. Mr. Chute, manager of the Theatre Royal, Bristol, was in London at the time, on the look out for some one to take the place of Sims Reeves, whom he had engaged to play the part of Francis Osbaldeston in the drama of *Rob Roy*, but who was unfortunately prevented by indisposition from fulfilling his engagement. Mr. Chute saw Mr. Celli, and at once made terms with him. On the conclusion of the run of *Rob Roy*, at the new Theatre, Clifton (we may mention in passing that Miss Emily Cross was the Diana Vernon), the subject of our notice arranged with Mr. Chute to finish the season with him, and play a round of "general business" by way of preparing himself for the operatic stage. During the Clifton, Bath, and Bristol season, Mr. Celli played the usual round of juvenile and light-comedy parts which fall to the lot of the stock-actor of a provincial company. His next appearance was in London, at the Princess's—then under the management of the late Mr. Vining—as Lorenzo in the *Merchant of Venice*, in which part he gave the incidental songs as they had been restored some years previously by Mr. Henry Phillips. It was during his engagement there that Mr. Celli attracted the attention of Madame Rudersdorff, who engaged him to accompany her on a tour for the performance of oratorios. He subsequently accompanied the celebrated Mdle. Carlotta Patti, and followed up this expedition by joining several other concert parties on tours through the provinces. His next step was in Italian opera, during a provincial tour with Mr. Mapleson; and it should be remembered, in this connection, that when Messrs. Gye and Mapleson were in amalgamation, Mr. Celli was retained for the parts which he had played in the provinces. From Covent Garden he migrated to Drury Lane (under Mr. Mapleson), and we next find him, as principal baritone in Italian Opera, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in company with Marimon, Bettini, Lablache, Foli, &c. It was here he first played the title rôle in *Don Giovanni*; Papageno in *Flauto Magico*; and Il Duca in *Lucrezia Borgia*. It is due, however, to the enterprise of Mr. Carl Rosa that we have been afforded the opportunity of seeing Mr. Celli at his best. Singers of all nationalities in English Opera are not scarce, but vocalists who can act as well as sing, are rare enough. Mr. Celli—who might, without stretching a comparison, be fairly termed the Henry Neville of the English operatic stage—combines the two essentials of his art in an eminent degree, but it was not until the clever *impresario* we have named (with whom Mr. Celli has been connected for upwards of three years) cast him for the part of Mephistopheles that we knew how earnest a follower of the great Faure he is. Mr. Carl Rosa is to be congratulated on the possession of such a powerful company of high-class artists; but it may fairly be said that in no respect is its strength more conspicuous than in the person of the deservedly popular baritone, Mr. F. H. Celli. Our sketch of him, on another page, is one of the happiest efforts of Mr. Matt. Stretch's vivid pencil.

MR. JAMES SMITH.

THE subject of our sketch is, and has been for the past twenty years one of the most popular men on the British Turf. A Lancashire man he, as one may say, trained for the business of his life in the profession which claims Caxton as its founder, and includes Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Phelps, and many another distinguished character within its ranks. During those early days he held various positions of trust, amongst the rest that of responsible head of a printing-office in Manchester. Eventually, however, the spirit of sport took him captive, and he drew to the front as a patron of athletes on the river and the cinder-path, speedily earning for himself the character of being "a rattling good judge" of form and all its concomitants. We say nothing of the extent of his own physical prowess "the day before yesterday" (to quote one of Mr. Sala's happiest phrases), but should imagine that he would have proved a troublesome customer to such amateurs, say as Mr. Charles Bush, if he had pursued the practice of rowing. Mr. Smith's talents, energy, and probity were such that they could not fail to bring him into prominence when the quick brain and resolute will of a trustworthy member of the Manchester division were required in the manipulation of an important commission.

It is pretty widely known that Mr. James Smith has won the Cesarewitch twice. His first coup was achieved about fourteen years since, with the aid of a little horse called Hartington, a three-year-old, by Voltigeur out of a daughter of Touchstone. In this pedigree "PAVO" discerns a remarkable coincidence. The winner in 1862 and the winner in 1876 are closely connected in blood. "Rosebery" is a great grandson of Voltigeur out of a grand-daughter of the famous old Eaton celebrity. Both are descendants of the illustrious Blacklock, and, "PAVO" adds, "Rosebery, if I mistake not, inherits the Irish extraction through Zuleika, the dam of Ladylike, the latter of whom was bred by Mr. Kirwan, and is now in the Cobham stud in foal to Blair Athol, by which sire she has a fine colt foal this year." To revert to Hartington's race, we find that there were 95 subscribers thereto, and 37 runners. Umpire, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb, was favourite, at the short price of 5 to 2; Silkstone, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb, started at 6 to 1, and Balder, 3 yrs, 6st, (car 6st 11lb) and Hartington were each 14 to 1 when the flag fell. Hartington, ridden by the "pocket Hercules" Jemmy Grimshaw, won by a length from Myrtle, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb, while two lengths off came the heavily weighted Asteroid, 4 yrs, 9st 3lb, Umpire finishing fourth, and Anonyma next. Mr. Smith's Queen of Spain, ridden by the present trainer of Rosebery also ran.

In 1865, Gladiateur's year, Mr. Smith started the *Sportsman*, a journal that, under his active management speedily achieved a

distinguished position in the newspaper world. The staff by whom it was launched was perhaps the strongest, numerically and in point of representative merit, that was ever associated with a sporting journal. Poor old "Argus" was nominal editor, and with him were allied, in the working department of the Turf, Mr. C. H. Ashley, and "Beacon." The other departments were filled respectively by Messrs. R. B. Wormald, A. H. Marshall, Knight, Byron Webber, the late Mr. Holt, &c. &c. We are not concerned to trace the subsequent history of the journal, except to mention (if we may be permitted to do so) that the part of "Vigilant" was played originally by the subject of our notice—and played well. As a vaticinator, he began with such a stroke of good fortune as seldom falls to the lot of a writer on turf matters. His winter's tip for Hermit's Derby proved amazingly correct, while his remarks on market changes were always characterized by great clearness, and evinced close knowledge of the subject. We have only to add to this brief notice of one of nature's gentlemen the remark that everybody who has had the good fortune to be brought into contact with him, either in business relations or in any other capacity, would be eager, if called upon, to speak eloquently in his praise. If, for no other reason, Mr. Smith's strikingly straightforward conduct in connection with "Rosebery," would merit highly honourable mention at the hands of every writer on Turf matters in the world. He did not, to use a most significant Turf phrase, "manage" the horse. Believing he possessed a great chance to win, he, while his champion was at a good price in the market, expressed his confidence in no uncertain terms, and as far as he possibly could he made all his friends—and their name is legion—participants in "the good thing." Everybody can't win, of course, and there are in connection with this, as there have been in connection with other big races, heavy losers both within and without the busy circle where members of Tattersall's most do congregate; but we seriously question whether there ever was a victory so popular amongst all classes of racing men and with the public as that of Rosebery and Mr. James Smith. We heartily wish that he may achieve many such.

THE RATCATCHER.

EVEN this trade, or, as we believe they style it, "profession," has had to succumb to the ingenuity of mechanics, who have invented traps innumerable, so that our friend represented in the drawing is a being almost of the past; you may still, however, fall across a professional ratcatcher in some little country village, where he earns a precarious living in exterminating the vilest of vermin, and where his advent in any farm creates quite a commotion for miles around, the neighbours being bent on seeing the fun, the number of his take, and his masterly way of handling his prey, matters which constitute a theme for discussion lasting several weeks amongst old and young.

From all appearances, in the present instance his raid has been most successful, and he is contemplating, with evident amusement, the terriers, who are furiously barking, and vainly endeavouring to make an opening in the cage, in order to complete the day's work, whilst, if they only had the sense and patience to wait, they would later on be fully rewarded, the young squire having arranged a convenient spot in order to enjoy some sport, when he will tip Martin a good day's pay, to say nothing of mugs of foaming beer.

About a year since a man was brought before one of our London Police Magistrates for having been caught coming out of one of the man-holes of the sewer, and apparently for some unlawful intention. He, however, explained that he was a ratcatcher, and did not think he was doing any harm, having at the time of his arrest a bag which contained upwards of fifty rats, all alive. The Magistrate, questioning him as to their future disposal, and not receiving an altogether satisfactory reply, informed the delinquent that however laudable his undertaking might be, if the subsequent usage of the vermin constituted an act of cruelty, and the inference was they were intended for some, to the Magistrate unknown, ratpit, he must inform him two blacks did not make a white; he would, in this instance, be discharged, but cautioned him against pursuing his business in places where he had no right to be.

During the Franco-Prussian war and the siege of Paris, the rat was an article of daily consumption, and the writer has seen a menu of the time in which it was served in three different ways, but has not spoken to any person who actually partook of the diet.

CAUGHT IN THE STORM.

AMONGST the trials sportsmen undergo, that represented in our sketch is not uncommon. A friend from London has been invited from town to have a day's sport with you. The morning opens most auspiciously, but towards noon heavy clouds are seen in the horizon, and before all can muster, down comes the rain, in such pitiless torrents that even the strongest are only too glad to get to leeward of the nearest available hedge. The incidents of the morning are then freely discussed, the disputed birds are finally awarded to their respective owners, but no sign of an immediate break being perceivable, pipes and cigars are lighted, and one and all meekly resign themselves to their untoward fate, which is finally enlivened by the appearance of one of the party, whose zeal has led him far away, who, returning minus his prize, is hailed with hilarious laughter, which he, although wet to the skin, receives in good part, and takes his revenge by imbibing a double allowance from a friend's flask.

The dogs, who at first scorned their masters' principle, at last think discretion the better part of valour, roll themselves up and indulge in a snooze, until anon the sun once more breaks out, and things assume a totally different aspect; at least, so thinks the town friend, who at the onset was continually in front, but now finds a vast difference between the crisp, firm soil of the morning and the present slippery and yielding condition of the fields, which, to use his own expression, put him in mind of Cheapside during a Scotch mist, "when you take one step forward, and two to the rear;" only in the present case with an addition of seven pounds weight of good, wholesome red clay soil hanging to each boot, and his consequent difficulty to retain the equilibrium no doubt (according to his own theory) fully accounting for his small bag. However, in conclusion, let us wish our heroes better luck next time.

THE Stud Company (Limited), Cobham, invite applications for 2,000 shares of £20 each, being the unallotted portion of the new capital authorised to be issued. The company was incorporated in 1872, and dividends of 10 per cent. have been paid for each of the years ending June, 1873, 1874, and 1875. The profits for the year ended June last show a 10 per cent. dividend, half of it is proposed to be reserved. With part of the proceeds of the present issue it is intended to redeem the existing debenture bonds of the company, amounting to £25,000.

"THE draw" in connection with the Lurgan Open Coursing Meeting took place on Monday afternoon in the Town Hall, Lurgan, in the presence of a very large assemblage of celebrated coursers. After the draw the usual dinner took place. Coursing commenced at an early hour on Tuesday morning, and was resumed on Wednesday; but unfortunately the day was most inclement, and the spectators were consequently by no means as numerous as would otherwise have been the case. The sport was excellent.

REVIEWS.

Travel and Sport in Burmah, Siam, and Malay. By JOHN BRADLEY. London: Samuel Tinsley.

Mr. Bradley's book is a brisk, straightforward, and sportsman-like account of many strange wild adventures, with brief descriptions of scenery and incidents of travel, interesting anecdotes of men and animals, and other matters relating to wanderings in out-of-the-way nooks of strange lands. It is a book with which most of our readers are likely to be pleased.

Maggie? A novel by Frank Barrett, author of "Fantoccini;" 3 vols. TINSLEY BROTHERS.

We believe that "Fantoccini" was a collection of short tales, and that this is Mr. Barrett's first novel. The scenes in his story are laid chiefly in the neighbourhood of London and in London itself. The characters are taken from middle-class life, and several of them are connected with the arts. The events of the story pass across a background of mystery shrouding the former life of the heroine, and the interest-in-chief is sustained by the working of events into the singular relations between Maggie herself and the hero. The earlier portions are largely dependent for success on their humour; throughout the whole the action is more like that found in the fighter school of French fiction than in our own; but behind the quick shiftings and vivid lights we find quiet spaces of thought, more like the calm deliberate observation familiar to the novel readers of this misty isle. The story appeals rather to the imaginative craving for impulsive generosity than to the deliberate, weighty march of the affections of the heart itself. In "Maggie" we are "not wholly in the busy world, nor quite beyond it;" but on a borderland where we can scarcely apply to characters, or to actions arising from idiosyncrasies, the tests of everyday life. But having given Mr. Barrett no more license than he is entitled to claim, we can go fully and freely forward with him to the end. Women will we think, read this story with sharply aroused interest, and men capable of enthusiasm will not put down the book without having felt more than one shudder of swift approval. The story has a tragic ending, but the tragedy is not one to strike us unpleasantly by violence or cruelty, or to leave behind it a dead pressure of settled grief. For when we stand in the fog on that cliff at Brighton, see the shaggy head of the hero supported by Maggie, know that his life's blood is quickly flowing away, and hear the rough coastguardsman whisper "It's God's mercy to a dying man to have a good lass alongside," we are face to face with big ideas, as it were we attend at a rite where the nobility of man is vindicated, and the pictorial statement of the final destiny of our race as the doers of good and winners of rewards beyond sordid cravings of the body and dreary telling over baubles, is made to fill all our veins with subtle life.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

"ATLAS," IN THE WORLD, ON "SLOT."

SIR,—The Titan who has recently covered himself with glory by re-discovering Lord Roscommon for us, may perhaps find time from the correction of his weekly load of errors, to verify at his favourite museum the following quotations.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. H. L.

Savage Club, Oct. 16, 1876.

SLOT (among hunters), the view or print of a stag's foot in the ground. Phillips's "New World of Words," 1766.
SLOT, the print of a stag's foot. Cole's Lexicon, 1713.
SLOT, the view or print of a stag's foot in the ground. Kersey's English Dictionary, 1715.
SLOT of a deer (of sloot, Dutch); a term among hunters for the view or print of a stag's foot in the ground. Bailey's English Dictionary, 1745.
SLOT, the view or print of a stag's foot in the ground. Martin's Lingua Britannica Reformata, 1719.
SLOT, the track of a deer—D. ayton. Webster, 1852.
SLOT (sloed, Icelandic), the track of a deer. Johnson, 1856.

[To the above we may add the following:—

SLOT (with hunters), the view or print of a stag's foot on the ground. The Sportsman's Dictionary, 1744.
SLOT. The impression of a deer's foot upon the earth, so as to be perceptible, is then called a slot; and when in consequence of storms, rain, sleet, or extreme droughts, the hounds cannot carry on the scent, the huntsman and his assistants have no alternative but to avail themselves of every possible clue and information from the slot, to prevent the disgrace of the hounds being beat and the deer lost. Sporting Dictionary, by William Taplin, 1803.
"Stonehenge," in his "Nomenclature according to the Devonshire Hunt," speaking of slot, says, "this is the proper name, according to the laws of venerie, for the tread of the deer."

"SHAKSPEARE'S LAW."

SIR,—If you think the matter of sufficient general interest, "N.B.'s" query, in your last number, relative to Portia's law, in the Trial Scene, can be easily answered. N.B. suggests that Shakspeare "had in view the Venetian law, or what it might have been, at the time in which the scene of the *Merchant of Venice* is laid.

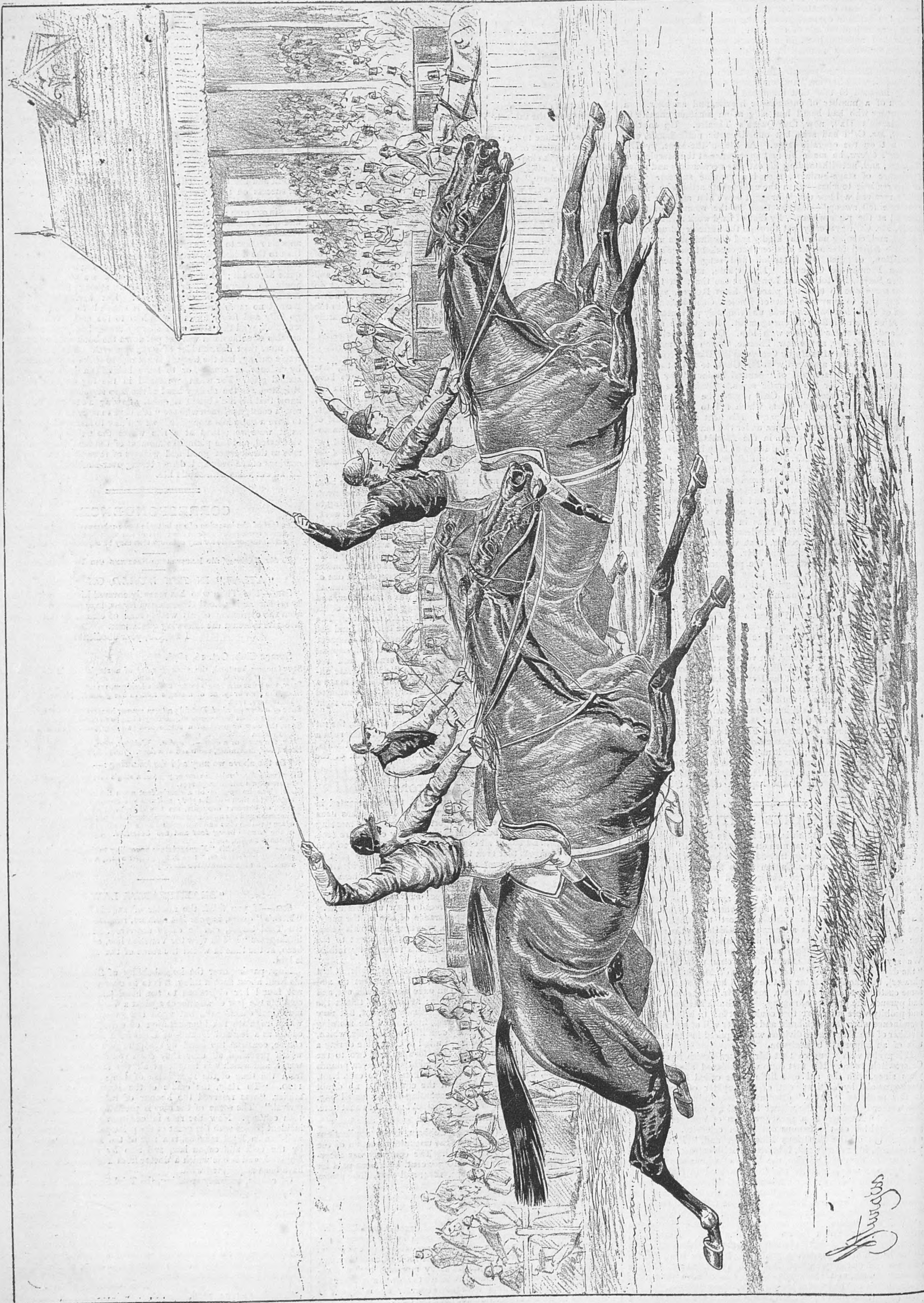
Now, passing over the improbability of Shakspeare troubling his head about such a thing, it is to be observed, that Portia does not found her objections to the bond (except when she finally convicts the Jew of an offence against a Venetian statute)* on any municipal enactments, but upon the general principles of law, which regulate the interpretation of written instruments. She comes as a learned Doctor of Laws from Padua, and would, of course, construe the bond by the principles of the Roman law, which prevailed all over Italy from the twelfth century downwards, and which was taught at all the famous schools of Bologna, in 1120. "To Italy, the cradle of the Roman law," says Lermier, "was reserved the honour of being the theatre of its revival." The scene of the play is probably laid in the 15th or 16th century. Now the rule in construing contracts, that the incident passes with the grant of the principal, like almost all the well-known legal maxims, is a rule of the Roman law, adopted by the civil and canon law, and also by the common law of England, and is one which a doctor from Padua would assuredly have been acquainted with.

Of course, seriously speaking, the Trial Scene tells neither for nor against Shakspeare's knowledge of law. He found, either in the old ballad of "Gernutus," or else in some translation of the "Gesta Romanorum," a good story, well adapted for dramatic treatment, and out of it he constructed a play, for mankind, not for jurists. If he had any thoughts of law in his mind when he composed the Trial Scene, his intention was probably to satirize the quibbles of the pleaders and jurists of his own day, who, like the school divines, too often preferred the letter to the spirit.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

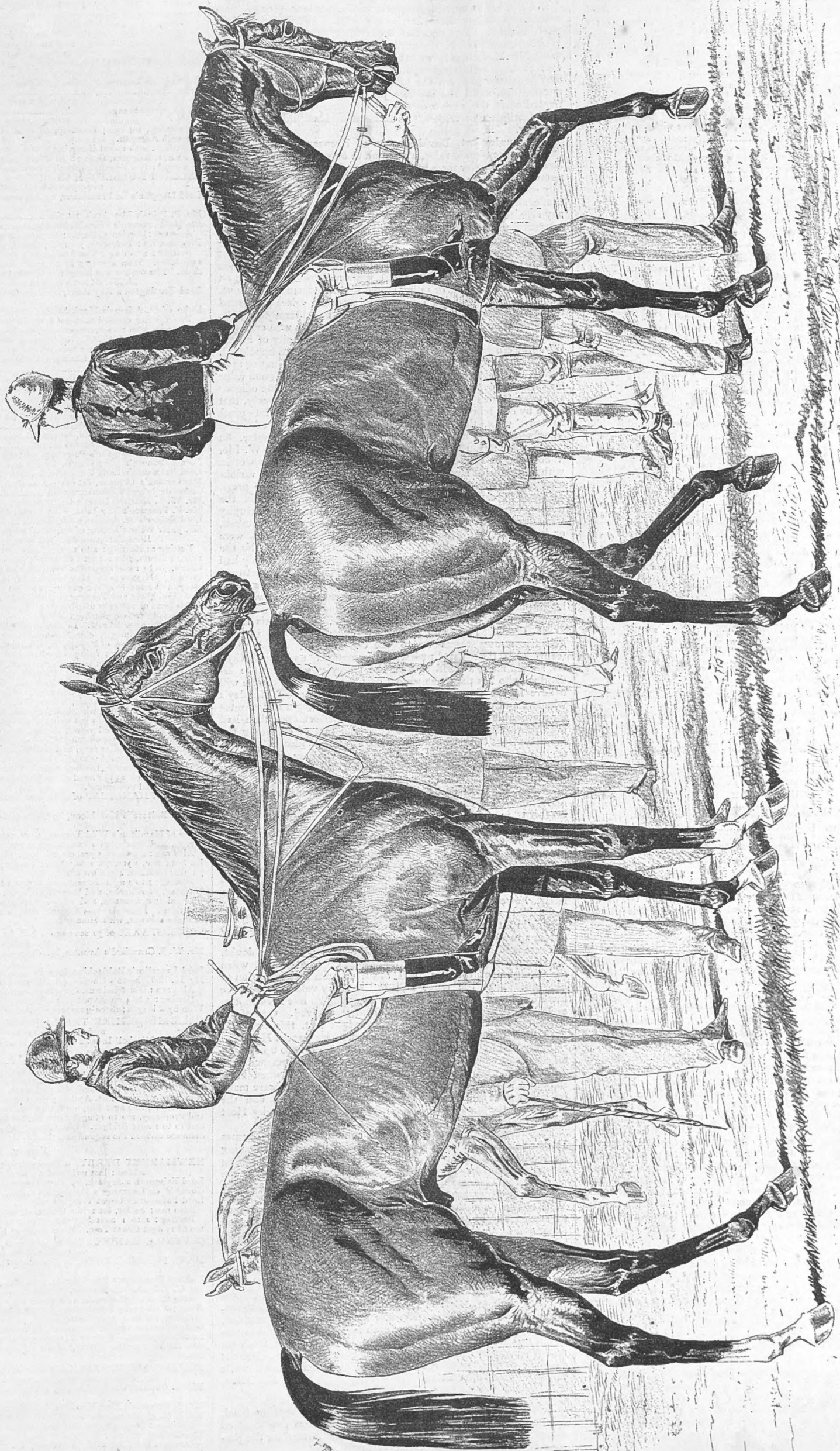
WIGGLESWORTH DALLISON.

Temple, Oct. 14, 1876.

* "It is enacted by the laws of Venice," &c.—Act iv., Sc. 1.



Forbes



ROSEBERY

CHAMANT

WINNERS OF THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE AND CAESAREWITCH STAKES.

Sturges

CRICKET, AQUATICS, AND ATHLETICS.

RESULTS OF COUNTY MATCHES IN 1876.—No. 4.

SUSSEX.				
Date and Place.		1st inn.	2nd inn.	Total.
June 12, 14, and 14, Brighton.	Sussex.....	169	73	242
	Gloucestershire.....	161	212	373
Gloucestershire won by 131 runs.				
July 10, 11, and 12, Brighton.	Sussex.....	180	330	510
	Kent.....	203	250	453
Sussex won by 57 runs.				
July 17, 18, and 19, Tunbridge Wells.	Sussex.....	200	168	368
	Kent.....	156	213	369
* Nine wickets down. Kent won by one wicket.				
August 3, 4, and 5, Manchester.	Sussex.....	129	98	227
	Lancashire.....	67	159	226
* Seven wickets down. Sussex won by three wickets.				
August 7 and 8, Kennington Oval.	Sussex.....	104	129	233
	Surrey.....	130	104	234
* Five wickets down. Surrey won by five wickets.				
August 14, 15, and 16, Brighton.	Sussex.....	311	47	358
	Surrey.....	62	165	357
* Two wickets down. Sussex won by eight wickets.				
August 17, 18, and 19, Brighton.	Sussex.....	142	84	226
	Lancashire.....	141	97	238
Lancashire won by 12 runs.				
August 24, 25, and 26, Clifton College.	Sussex.....	281	—	281
	Gloucestershire.....	342	172	514
* Seven wickets down. Unfinished.				

SUMMARY.—Matches played, 8; won, 3; lost, 4; drawn, 1.

DERBYSHIRE.				
Date and Place.		1st inn.	2nd inn.	Total.
June 1 and 2, Manchester.	Derbyshire.....	70	68	138
	Lancashire.....	163	—	163
Lancashire won in one innings, and 25 runs to spare.				
June 5 and 6, Derby.	Derbyshire.....	179	76	255
	Hampshire.....	98	156	254
* Two wickets down. Derbyshire won by eight wickets.				
June 19 and 20, Derby.	Derbyshire.....	105	171	276
	Kent.....	131	113	244
Derbyshire won by 32 runs.				
July 3 and 4, Derby.	Derbyshire.....	63	125	188
	Lancashire.....	111	172	283
Lancashire won by 95 runs.				
July 20 and 21, Tunbridge Wells.	Derbyshire.....	147	112	259
	Kent.....	145	116	261
* Eight wickets down. Kent won by two wickets.				
July 24 and 25, Southampton.	Derbyshire.....	115	91	206
	Hampshire.....	63	145	208
* Nine wickets down. Hampshire won by one wicket.				

SUMMARY.—Matches played, 6; won, 2; lost, 4.

MIDDLESEX.				
Date and Place.		1st inn.	2nd inn.	Total.
May 25, 26, and 27, Prince's.	Middlesex.....	82	118	200
	Yorkshire.....	167	30	203
* Three wickets down. Yorkshire won by seven wickets.				
June 12, 13, and 14, Prince's.	Middlesex.....	339	70	409
	Surrey.....	276	132	408
* Two wickets down. Middlesex won eight wickets.				
July 10, 11, and 12, Prince's.	Middlesex.....	173	221	393
	Nottinghamshire.....	339	10	349
* One wicket down. Unfinished.				
August 10, 11, and 12, Kennington Oval.	Middlesex.....	138	322	460
	Surrey.....	215	245	460
A tie.				
August 14, 15, and 16, Sheffield.	Middlesex.....	132	234	366
	Yorkshire.....	208	262	470
* Five wickets down. Unfinished.				
August 17, 18, and 19, Nottingham.	Middlesex.....	134	214	348
	Nottinghamshire.....	217	90	307
* Eight wickets down. Unfinished.				

SUMMARY.—Matches played, 6; won, 1; tied, 1; lost, 3; drawn, 1.

HAMPSHIRE.				
Date and Place.		1st inn.	2nd inn.	Total.
June 5 and 6, Derby.	Hampshire.....	98	156	254
	Derbyshire.....	179	76	255
* Two wickets down. Derbyshire won by eight wickets.				
June 8, 9, and 10, Southampton.	Hampshire.....	215	271	486
	Kent.....	155	95	250
Hampshire won by 236 runs.				
July 24 and 25, Southampton.	Hampshire.....	63	145	208
	Derbyshire.....	115	91	206
* Nine wickets down. Hampshire won by one wicket.				
August 17, 18, and 19, Faversham.	Hampshire.....	277	—	277
	Kent.....	129	142	271
Hampshire won in one innings, and 6 runs to spare.				

SUMMARY.—Matches played, 4; won, 3; lost, 1.

Can bad luck, bad management, or complete disorganisation, have anything to do with the utter want of success on the part of Sussex during the past season? Out of eight matches played, only three victories were scored, and on one occasion when victory was almost a dead certainty, Sussex, in a most unaccountable manner, suffered defeat by a dozen runs only! This occurred in the return match against Lancashire at Brighton. Certainly, the county is not very strong in bowling, but "our James" (Lilly-white) proved as destructive as ever, while Mr. Arthur Smith, slow round, and C. A. Brown, fast, and Fillery ably sustained their part in this most important branch of the game. In batting, Messrs. G. P. Greenfield, J. M. Cotterill, and Charlwood acquitted themselves wonderfully well, but it still must be a source of regret to the worthy pair of honorary secretaries, Messrs. G. W. King and C. H. Smith, that their best attempts to obtain success have been attended with such poor results. However, let us hope that better things are in store for the county next season. Everyone, of course, has his own opinion as to the reason of the failure of Sussex, and I have mine, which is simply this, that when they seem to have everything in their favour, they apparently grow completely careless and throw away every chance. Derbyshire deserves more good luck than has fallen to her share during the season of '76, although only out and home matches were played against Kent, Lancashire, and Hampshire; and out of these six contests only two wins were registered. For a county of moderately small proportions, Derbyshire can boast of a fair amount of really good cricketers, the two Messrs. Smith (no relations by-the-bye), Forster and Hind (one of Casey and Robson's clown troupe), all being capital batsmen, while Mycroft and Platts as bowlers are at any time and under any circumstances apt to prove exceedingly dangerous. The last match of the season played by Derbyshire, viz., that against Hampshire, for a long time hung in the balance, and, as will be seen from the table given above, eventually ended in the more southern county winning by one wicket only. The Middlesex county committee have no one but themselves to thank that they make so bad a show in the table of results, one victory, one tie, three draws, and one defeat, being the upshot of six matches. No one can doubt but that the first match against Nottinghamshire, which was played at Prince's, must have inevitably ended in the defeat of the home county, had the game been played out, but poor old Tom Box's awfully sudden death, of course, put an end to any further play, and a draw was the result, and although the Middlesex captain offered to give the match up, some of the Notts division, with frightfully bad taste, wished the game to be continued, and it was only after a very lengthened and warm discussion that the point was ceded. On so unpleasant a subject it is not my intention to enlarge, any further than saying that the world of cricket would have been deservedly scandalised had the match been proceeded with. In the second contest against Notts Middlesex could hardly have failed to

have scored a victory, had they (the metropolitan county) not cut so much time to waste, a fault to which they are by far too prone. Although not strictly a county match, that against Oxford University and Middlesex, at Prince's, will long be remembered as productive of most marvellous scoring, in which, with a very heavy balance of runs against them, over 400, the University amassed more than 600. Mr. J. D. Walker throughout the past season proved himself a perfect tower of strength in batting, and was ably backed up by Mr. C. J. Ottaway and Burghes, while bad luck seemed persistently to stick to those fine batsmen Mr. C. F. Buller and Mr. A. J. Webbe. The brunt of the bowling was borne by Mr. R. Henderson and Mr. E. Rutter, both of whom are slow round-arm, while Mr. M. Turner as wicket keeper was as clever and active as ever at that highly important post. The doings of Hampshire may be gathered from the table above, further comment being uncalled for, as all the matches played by the county have been treated of in the review of the various counties antagonised by "the birthplace of cricket," as admirers of Hampshire delight to style her.

On Saturday last, David Stanton of Hornsey, the well-known long-distance bicycle rider, undertook to cover 100 miles under six hours and a quarter for a bet of £60 to £40, and in spite of the unfavourable state of the weather, he accomplished the task with fifty seconds to spare. This performance puts completely in the shade all other long-distance journeys, and will, I fancy, be at any rate, for some length of time, unsurpassed, if anyone should ever succeed in beating it.

I never like to miss a good thing in the way of sport, and, therefore, although no one but an enthusiast can derive any amusement from the spectacle of a man (or men) pacing round a cinder-track for nine or ten hours at a stretch, I journeyed to Lillie Bridge on Monday last, and sat, or rather stood, the performance right out. The attraction was a 50 mile walking race for prizes presented nominally by the Amateur Athletic Club, but literally by J. G. Chambers, Esq., the astute proprietor of the ground, who evidently saw his way to a good "gate," and a rare opportunity of advertising the crockery show. In this he was in no way disappointed, no fewer than 600 admirers of the sport showing up and paying their florins, that being the price of admission, and they had good value for their money, no fewer than four being returned by the officials as having beaten the previous best time upon record, namely, that made by old Jem Miles, at the Agricultural Hall, in the late great 24 hours' walk, the award being as follows:—G. Ide, of North Woolwich, 8h 19min 55sec, first; H. Vaughan, Chester, 8h 27min 55sec; G. Parry, Sheffield, 8h 40min 28sec; and W. Ide, Woolwich, 8h 48min 5sec. One thing, however, in connection with this return I strongly object to, viz., that owing to various circumstances I am unable to guarantee its accuracy. The press, as usual in cases where Mr. Chambers has any voice in the matter, were excluded from the enclosure, and no opportunity was afforded them of seeing if the laps were properly taken, or indeed if the distance was correct. The lap-takers were evidently novices; and as for the time, it was taken by the Cottage clock, 30 yards from the "lappists," who certainly had their work cut out in looking after the twenty-five competitors, who were all in different circuits, and after dark had to walk up and down a portion of the path, supposed to be 22 yards in length, and feebly lighted by paraffin oil, thus putting me forcibly in mind of a country fair, bar the gingerbreads. This is not as it should be; and I cannot express myself in sufficiently strong terms as to the cause of it; but it really seems high time that pedestrians, amateurs and professionals, should make a stand against the policy pursued by the individual who has the management of Lillie Bridge. No one will believe in the times alleged to have been done by Monday's winners, and yet without doubt they, even allowing a few minutes for a probable error or two, did a greater performance than had ever previously been accomplished. The fact of excluding the reporters from the enclosure at once suggests the idea that something unfair was intended; but this is not the case, it is simply pigheadedness and stupidity. I think I am violating no confidence in stating that the proprietor of the "show" is a pressman himself, and being also an "amateur," neglects no opportunity of curtailing the privileges and rights of his brethren in adversity. In making these remarks, I am actuated by no personal feeling. Personally I had no occasion to go into the enclosure, being quite content with the official record, providing it was taken by persons who were capable of discharging their duties, but I cannot help thinking that the representatives of such papers as have to decide knotty questions as to times and distances should be allowed an opportunity of gauging them. The latter, however, have their remedy; they will probably not "stand" the times, and the men who are injured thereby will decline in future to perform at a ground where they are unable to obtain a record.

There is little stir in the billiard world just now; and, no doubt, the stagnation will continue until after the Cambridgeshire, when the "knights of the cue" will begin to turn their attention to business. That the game still has as many votaries as of yore there can be no question, as new rooms spring up like mushrooms, and old ones that have fallen into decay are revived. One of the latter class I visited on Wednesday night last, this being at Mallett's Hotel, Catherine-street, Strand, where George Hunt and "Gaiety" Hart were engaged in a match of 1000 up for £25 a side, Hunt conceding 100 points. Play did not commence until 20 minutes past 8, and it was close upon midnight when Hart ran out a winner by 152 points. No very large breaks were made on either side, but some good science was exhibited; and the comfort of the numerous visitors was well provided for by Host Fielder.

I am very glad to notice that the committee of the Thames International Regatta have exercised a wise discretion in making some alterations in the programme originally issued, the sailing race and champion eights being eliminated, and the value of the prizes in the Tradesmen's Eights and Fours increased, in addition to which two cups are offered for amateur pairs without coxswains. With so short a notice it would be almost impossible to get men together for eight oared races who would show anything like good form, and as for the sailing race it would have been an innovation which would be sadly out of place in an "International Regatta." The match between Bryan and Tarryer was decided over the Championship course on Thursday, and the weather being delightful, a large number of spectators witnessed the result which was in favour of Tarryer. Two steamers accompanied the race, Citizen H being closely packed with enthusiastic below-bridge partisans. The umpire's boat, fortunately, was by no means overcrowded, owing to the wise charge of 10s. each for tickets. The race was advertised to start at two o'clock, but it was not till thirty-six minutes past two that the two men took their stations, Drexill steering Tarryer from the bow of an eight-oared boat, while Higgins looked after Brian.

EXON.

WE have received a prospectus of the Select Racing Stud, Limited, with a capital of £10,000, divided into five hundred shares of £20 each. The company has been formed for the purpose of purchasing and breeding racehorses.

THE exhibition of models for the Byron statue, will be opened on the 3rd November, at the South Kensington Museum. Upwards of one hundred designs have been contributed.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12.

BRETBY STAKES of 100 sovs each, h ft. for two-year-olds; last three-quarters of Rowley Mile; 8 subs.

Lord Hartington's Belphebe, by Toxophilite—Vaga, 8st 10lb ... Goater 1

Mr. W. S. Crawford's Dynamite, by Musket—Mrs. Waller, 8st 10lb ... Chaloner 2

Count F. de Lagrange's Rivalite, 8st 10lb ... Glover 3

Lord Bradford's Manceuvre, 8st 10lb ... F. Archer 4

Betting: 7 to 4 on Belphebe, 6 to 1 each agst Manceuvre and Rivalite.

Dead heat; three lengths off came Rivalite, with Manceuvre tailed off.

Deciding heat: Betting 7 to 4 on Belphebe, who won easily by a length and a half.

NEWMARKET OAKS, a sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 10 ft, with 100 added, for three-year-old fillies; T.M.M.; 41 subs.

Count F. de Lagrange's Lina, by Monarque or Mortemer—Regalia, 8st 10lb ... Morris 1

Count F. de Lagrange's Augusta, 8st 10lb ... Glover 2

M. Aumont's Basquine, 8st 10lb ... Carratt 3

Also ran: Jonquille, 8st 10lb; Appeal, 8st 10lb; Bric-a-Brac, 8st 10lb; Villafraanca, 8st 10lb; Footstep, 8st 10lb. Count de Lagrange declared to win with Augusta.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Basquine, 4 to 1 agst Lina, 100 to 15 agst Jonquille, 8 to 1 agst Augusta, 10 to 1 agst Footstep, 100 to 8 agst Bric-a-Brac. Won by a head; two lengths between second and third.

SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; T.Y.C.; 17 subs.

Lord Dupplin's Le Promeneur, by Saunterer—Sunnylocks, 8st 10lb ... Morris 1

Mr. P. Price's The Arab, 7st 7lb ... Morbey 2

Mr. G. W. Steven's Pibroch, 8st 7lb ... Cannon 3

Also ran: Agricola, 8st 7lb; Segura, 8st 7lb; Montauban, 8st; Pilgrim's Progress, 8st; Palestine, 7st 13lb; Snare, 7st 12lb (car 8st).

Betting: 2 to 1 agst The Arab, 4 to 1 agst Le Promeneur, and 7 to 1 agst any other. Won cleverly by a neck; three lengths between second and third. The winner was bought in for 280 guineas.

MATCH, 200 h ft, both two-year-olds; T.Y.C.

Lord Hartington's Rhyllstone, by Hermit—Esther's dam, 8st 7lb ... H. Jeffery 1

Duke of St. Albans's Monkshood, 8st 10lb ... F. Archer 2

The betting opened at 5 to 4 on Monkshood, but closed at 6 to 4 on Rhyllstone, who won in a canter by four lengths.

MIDDLE PARK PLATE of 500 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two-year-olds; 6 furlongs; 74 subs.

Count F. de Lagrange's Chamant, by Mortemer—Araucaria, 8st 13lb (inc. 4lb ex) ... Goater 1

Duke of Westminster's Pellegrino, 8st 6lb ... Webb 2

Mr. H. Baltazzi's Plunger, 8st 9lb ... Parry 3

Mr. Alden's The Rover, 8st 6lb ... Chaloner 4

Mr. C. Alexander's Thunderstone, 8st 6lb ... Morbey 5

Mr. Alex. Baltazzi's c by Buccaneer—Vollotta, 8st 6lb ... Maidment 6

Prince Bathyan's Sidonia, 8st 6lb ... Morris 7

Mr. A. Burwood's Ipswich, 8st 6lb ... Newhouse 8

Col. Carter's Hadrian, 8st 6lb ... C. Wood 9

Mr. R. R. Christopher's Peterboro', 8st 6lb ... Mordan 10

Lord Falmouth's King Clovis, 8st 6lb ... J. Osborne 11

Lord Falmouth's Lady Golightly, 8st 13lb (inc 7lb ex) ... F. Archer 12

Mr. Gerard's Orleans, 8st 9lb ... Constable 13

Count de Juigne's Fileuse, 8st 6lb ... Carratt 14

Mr. W. S. Mitchell Innes's Glen Arthur, 8st 6lb ... Wainwright 15

Mr. F. Prentice's Bay Julia, 8st 13lb (car. 8st 5lb) ... Cannon 16

Lord Exeter's St. Anthony, 8st 6lb ... Jeffery 17

Mr. J. R. Wilson's King of Spades, 8st 6lb ... Manser 18

Lord Falmouth declared to win with Lady Golightly.

Betting at starting: 2 to 1 agst Lady Golightly, 4 to 1 agst Plunger, 5 to 1 agst Sidonia, 7 to 1 agst Pellegrino, 11 to 1 agst Rover, 16 to 1 agst King Clovis, 20 to 1 each agst the Vollotta colt and Chamant, and 33 to 1 agst Fileuse.

Orleans made play with a clear lead of Pellegrino, and Thunderstone in the centre of the course; wide on the opposite side were Sidonia, Lady Golightly, and Plunger nearly abreast, behind these The Rover, while at the head of the rear division were Chamant, King Clovis, Bay Julia and Peterborough.

On passing the Bushes Orleans hung out signals of distress, and shortly after retired. In the next half dozen strides the running was taken up by Plunger, closely attended by Lady Golightly, a couple of lengths in advance of Pellegrino, Chamant and the Rover, the most prominent of the others being Thunderstone and Sidonia. On leaving the Abingdon Mile Bottom the leaders closed, but they had no sooner entered the rails than Lady Golightly dropped back into the fourth place, and at the same moment the Duke of Westminster's colt shot to the front and took a neck lead of Plunger and Chamant.

The three ran abreast to within a hundred yards of the chair, where Plunger and Chamant on either side challenged Pellegrino, who, however, retained his place until a few strides of home; Chamant then got to his shoulder, and, after a determined set to, the latter running the longest, secured the judge's fiat by a head; Plunger, who was twice disappointed inside the distance, was beaten by a similar distance for second money, and finished half a length in advance of Lady Golightly, at whose side came The Rover; Thunderstone close up was sixth; King Clovis seventh, Ipswich eighth, Hadrian ninth, Sidonia tenth, with the Vollotta colt at the head of the pulling-up division, the last of all being Bay Julia and Peterboro'.

AUTUMN HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 added; 6 furlongs; 22 subs.

Mr. H. Baltazzi's Hazeldean, by Cathedral—Nutbush, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb ... Weedon 1

Duke of Hamilton's Wild Tommy, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb ... Lemaire 2

Mr. R. R. Christopher's Strathavon, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb ... Luke 3

Also ran: Ecossais, 5 yrs, 9st 7lb, (inc. 5lb extra); Slumber, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb; La Sautouse, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb; Breachloader, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb; Timour, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb; Skotzka, 4 yrs, 6st 6lb.

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Breachloader, 5 to 2 agst Ecossais, 10 to 1 each agst Slumber, Strathavon, and Hazeldean, and 12 to 1 each agst Wild Tommy, La Sautouse, Skotzka, and Timour. Won easily by half a dozen lengths; a bad third. Ecossais was fourth, Breachloader fifth, La Sautouse sixth, Skotzka seventh, with Timour last.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs each, h ft, for two-year-olds; last half of R. M.; 8 subs.

Mr. W. S. Crawford's Avontes, by Distin—Avondale, 8st 10lb ... T. Chaloner 1

Lord Lascelles's Baldachino, 8st 10lb ... F. Archer 2

Mr. H. E. Roberts's Chopin, 8st 10lb (inc. 5lb extra) ... Cannon 3

Also ran: Illustrissimus, 8st 10lb; Courtsey, 8st 10lb.

Betting: 5 to 4 on Avontes, 5 to 1 agst Baldachino, 6 to 1 agst Chopin. Won by a length; three-quarters of a length between second and third.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE TRIAL HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; 1 mile 240 yards; 15 subs.

Mr. W. S. Mitchell Innes's Conjuror, by Adventurer—Astonishment, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb ... C. Wood 1

Lord Zetland's Hardrada, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb ... Tomlinson 2

Sir J. D. Astley's Bridget, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb ... Rossiter 3

Also ran: Tartine, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb; Stray Shot, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb (car. 8st 1lb); Mate, aged, 7st 10lb; Admiral Byng, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb; Prophecy, 6 yrs, 6st 11lb; Bon Bon, 3 yrs, 7st; St. Agnes, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb; Eberhard, 3 yrs, 6st.

Betting: 4 to 1 agst Eberhard, 6 to 1 each agst Admiral Byng, Hardrada, and Prophecy, 100 to 15 agst Stray Shot, 8 to 1 each agst Conjuror and Mate, and 10 to 1 agst Bridget. Won cleverly by three parts of a length; a similar distance divided the second and third.

FRIDAY.

NEWMARKET DERBY, a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 10ft, with 100 added; last

PRENDERGAST STAKES of 50 sovs each, 1 ft, for two-year-olds; T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 140 yards); 36 subs.

Mr. H. Baltazzi's b c Plunger, by Adventurer—Lina, 8st 13lb.....Parry 1
Mr. Gerard's b f Palm Flower, 8st 11lb.....Constable 2
Lord Falmouth's Lady Golithly, 8st 11lb.....F. Archer 3
Mr. W. S. Crawford's Central Fire, 8st 10lb.....Chaloner 4
Betting: 7 to 4 agst Plunger, 2 to 1 agst Lady Golithly, 9 to 4 agst Palm Flower, and 10 to 1 agst Central Fire. Won by three-quarters of a length; bad third.

SWEETSTAKES of 10 sovs each for starters, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 140 yds); 7 subs.

Mr. Oakley's Marshal Niel, by Knight of the Crescent or Pero Gomez—Last Rose of Summer, 8st 3lb (100 sovs).....Morbey 1
Lord Calthorpe's Polenta, 8st (100).....C. Archer 2
Mr. W. A. Jarvis's Pedigree, 8st 3lb (100).....Newhouse 3
Lord Lascelles's Elsa, 8st (100).....F. Archer 4
Betting: 7 to 4 each agst Marshal Niel and Polenta, 5 to 1 agst Elsa, and 6 to 1 agst Pedigree. Won by a length and a half; three lengths between second and third.

SWEETSTAKES of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added; weight for age; 15 furlongs of D.M.; 10 subs.

Capt. Marchell's Farnese, by Parmesan—Lady Coventry, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb (500 sovs).....F. Archer 1
Mr. H. Baltazzi's b m Slumber, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb (500).....Parry 2
Mr. Whitaker's Middle Temple, 6 yrs, 8st 11lb (500).....C. Wood 3
Also ran: Pearl Drop, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb (500); Bras de Fer, 6 yrs, 9st (100).
Betting: 2 to 1 each agst Farnese and Middle Temple, 3 to 1 agst Slumber, and 6 to 1 agst Bras de Fer. Won by a head; a length between second and third. The winner was bought in for 520 guineas.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 300 guineas; for three-year-olds 8st 8lb, four 9st 7lb, five, six, and aged, 9st 11lb; last two miles of Cesarewitch Course.

Duke of Hamilton's Charon, by Hermit—Barclay, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb

Count F. de Lagrange's La Courouse, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb.....Rossiter 1
Mr. Savile's Lillian, aged, 9st 11lb.....Glover 2
Mr. Aumont's Basquine, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb.....Carratt 3
Mr. H. Jennings's Queen of Cyprus, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb.....Cannon 4
Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Coltness, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb.....T. Osborne 5
Mr. W. S. Crawford's Craig Millar, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb.....Chaloner 6
Mr. H. Baltazzi's b m Hazeldean, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb.....Parry 7
Betting: 5 to 4 on Craig Millar, 6 to 2 agst Coltness, 7 to 1 La Courouse, 12 to 1 agst Charon, 20 to 1 agst Hazeldean. Coltness made running with Queen of Cyprus, and Charon and Craig Millar next to the Abingdon Mile Bottom, where Coltness and Craig Millar were in difficulties, and Charon coming out won easily by a length and a half; a bad third.

THIRD WELTER HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; Bretby Stakes Course (6 furlongs); 21 subs.

Lord M. Beresford's Caramel, by Canary—Integrity, aged, 9st 1lb

Gen. Pearson's b g Huntly, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb.....C. Archer 1
Mr. T. Bingham's St. Patrick, 5 yrs, 8st 1lb.....Barlow 2
Also ran: Sweet Note, 5 yrs, 9st 5lb; Ursula, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb; Stray Shot, 4 yrs, 9st 1lb; Regalade, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb; Red Cross Knight, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb; Bon Bon, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb; Skotzka, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb; Mestiza, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb; Fremantle, 3 yrs, 7st.
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Red Cross Knight, 4 to 1 agst Caramel, 5 to 1 agst Fremantle, 8 to 1 agst Regalade, and 12 to 1 each agst Ursula, Bon Bon, and Strayshot. Won in a canter by twelve lengths.

NEWCASTLE AUTUMN MEETING.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17.

The TOWN PLATE (Handicap) of 100 sovs. Six furlongs. 22 subs.
Mr. J. Colpitt's b g Little George, by Beadsman—Revival, 6 yrs, 8st 1lb (car. 6st 3lb).....Morgan 1
Mr. P. Berry's Beatrice (late Trotter), 4 yrs, 6st 5lb (car. 6st 7lb).....J. Macdonald 2

Captain Dove's Marion, 6 yrs, 6st 5lb.....Howey 3
Also ran: Grand Flaneur, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb; Bardolph, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb; Hannah, 5 yrs, 6st 9lb (car. 7st); Bogie, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb; Jubilant, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb; Idle Boy, 5 yrs, 6st 4lb; Hartlebury, 3 yrs, 6st; Lanchment, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb (car. 5st 8lb).
Betting: 4 to 1 agst Bardolph, 6 to 1 agst Little George, 100 to 15 each agst Bogie and Beatrice, 7 to 1 agst Grand Flaneur, and 8 to 1 agst Idle Boy. Won by three lengths; two lengths between second and third.

The MELDON STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added, for two-year-olds. Five furlongs.

Mr. E. Temple's b f Mount Grace, by The Earl or The Palmer—Kilbride, 8st.....Cooke 1
Mr. H. Bragg's Fairy Queen, 8st 6lb.....J. Osborne 2
Mr. T. Green's Princess Alice, 8st 6lb.....Bruckshaw 3
Also ran: Miss York, 8st 6lb; Letitia, 8st; Prior of Prado, 8st 4lb.
Betting: 6 to 4 agst Mount Grace, 9 to 4 agst Fairy Queen, and 5 to 1 each agst Princess Alice and Miss York. Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third; Miss York was fourth, and Letitia last.

The TRIAL STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; weight for age. Six furlongs.

Mr. J. Johnstone's Sister to Tipster, by Adventurer—Sporting Life, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb (500).....Fagan 1
Mr. J. Coates's Elf Knot, aged, 7st 7lb (500).....J. Macdonald 2
Mr. R. Howett's Bardolph, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb (500).....Weston 3
Also ran: Warrenby, 2 yrs, 5st 10lb (500); Forest Queen, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (500); Haidee, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb (500); Lady Dunholm, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb (500); Hawthorn, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb (car. 7st 13lb) (500).
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Warrenby, 3 to 1 each agst Elf Knot and Bardolph, and 8 to 1 agst Sister to Tipster. Won easily by a length; a neck between second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. R. Howett for 150 guineas.

The NORTHUMBERLAND AUTUMN PLATE of 200 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft; winners extra. One mile and a half. 15 subs.

Mr. Northern's b h Clearwell, by Costa—Wee Pet, aged, 7st 3lb.....Fagan 1
Mr. John Martin's Minnie Clyde, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb.....Carlisle 2
Mr. C. Gardner's St. Cuthbert, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb.....J. Macdonald 3
Mr. T. Holmes's Harriet Laws, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb.....Morgan 4
Mr. T. Melville's Stamfordham, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb.....Curtis 5
Mr. E. Messenger's Audacious, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb.....Snowden 6
Mr. J. Osborne's Staphylus, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb.....W. Chaloner 7
Mr. H. Hall's Tentergate, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb.....Boag 8
Mr. Vyner's Lockhart, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.....Howey 9
Betting: 7 to 2 agst Harriet Laws, 6 to 1 each agst Staphylus and Minnie Clyde, 8 to 1 each agst Clearwell and St. Cuthbert, and 10 to 1 each agst Stamfordham and Audacious. Stamfordham cut out the work to the Newcastle turn, where Staphylus took the command, but he was quickly headed by Clearwell, who came on and won by five lengths; four lengths between second and third. Audacious, close up, was fourth, Lockhart fifth, Tentergate sixth, Stamfordham seventh, and Staphylus next, with Harriet Laws, beaten off, last.

The TYNE SELLING STAKES of 3 sovs each, with 50 sovs added. Five furlongs.

Mr. Cameron's Hawthorn, by Blackthorn, dam by Charleston—Madame Egline, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb (500).....Fagan 1
Mr. H. Bragg's Macadam, 4 yrs, 9st (500).....J. Osborne 2
Mr. E. Williamson's Boxing-day, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb (500).....J. Macdonald 3
Also ran: Alice Hawthorn, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb (500); Knight of the Isles, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb (500); My Nannie O, 2 yrs, 6st 9lb (500); Elf, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb (500); Leonie, 2 yrs, 6st 9lb (500); Em, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb (500).
Betting: Even on Macadam, 5 to 1 agst Em, 6 to 1 agst Leonie, and 10 to 1 agst Hawthorn. Won in a canter by a length; two between second and third. The winner was bought in for 54gs.

The NEWCASTLE NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs; winners extra. T.Y.C.

Mr. J. Trotter's Tilt, by The Earl or The Palmer—Tourney, 7st 4lb

Mr. W. Moir's Styx, 8st 12lb.....W. Chaloner 1
Mr. J. Milner's Selene, 7st 9lb.....Clarkson 2
Also ran: Rivulet, 8st 10lb; Ruperta, 7st 7lb; Merry Music, 7st 6lb; Helios, 7st 5lb; Dneiper, 7st 4lb; Nora, 7st.
Betting: 3 to 1 agst Ruperta, 4 to 1 agst Selene, 5 to 1 agst Helios, 6 to 1 agst Tilt, and 7 to 1 agst Styx. Won by a head; a dead heat for second. Nora was fourth.

WEDNESDAY.

The GATESHEAD PLATE of 100 sovs; five furlongs.

Mr. H. Bragg's Grand Flaneur, by Saunterer—Miss Digby, 6 yrs, 9st.....W. Wood 1
Mr. W. R. Marshall's Reveillon, 3 yrs, 6st.....Sharp 2
Mr. M. Corbet's Hawthorn, 3 yrs, 6st, 7lb (inc. 7lb ex.).....Spooner 3
Also ran: Satisfaction, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb; Rouge Bonnet, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb; Little Rose, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb; Bogie, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb; Marion, 6 yrs, 6st 4lb; Idle Boy, 5 yrs, 6st 3lb; Esther, 5 yrs, 5st 12lb; Looking Glass, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb; Alice Hawthorn, 3 yrs, 5st 8lb (car. 5st 9lb).
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Reveillon, 6 to 2 agst Grand Flaneur, 8 to 1 agst Satisfaction, and 10 to 1 agst Looking Glass. Won by three-quarters of a length; a length divided second and third.

The LAMBTON STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 sovs added for two-year-olds; winners extra. T.Y.C.

Mr. E. Temple's Mount Grace, by The Earl or The Palmer—Kilbride, 8st.....Cooke 1
Hon. E. Lascelles's Lorgnette, 8st.....T. Chaloner 2
Mr. R. C. Vyner's Prior of Prado, 8st 10lb.....Mr. G. S. Thompson 3
Also ran: Miss York, 8st 10lb; f by the Palmer—Muddle, 8st 7lb; Mal de Mer, 8st 7lb.

Betting: 6 to 5 agst Mount Grace, and 4 to 1 each agst Lorgnette and Mal de Mer. Won by a head; two lengths between second and third.

The NEWCASTLE AUTUMN HANDICAP of 200 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; winners extra. One mile and a quarter. Mr. Robinson's br m Annie Louise by Adams—Vie, 5 yrs, 7st 5lb

Mr. C. Gardner's St. Cuthbert, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb.....W. Chaloner 1
Mr. R. Howett's St. Estéphe, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb.....Weston 2
Also ran: Earlston, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb; Glastonbury, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb (car. 8st 6lb); Minnie Clyde, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb; Curate, aged, 8st 3lb; Little George, 6 yrs, 8st (inc. 7lb ex.); Relic, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb; Harriet Laws, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb; Tentergate, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb; Glyn, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb; Antipodes, 3 yrs, 7st; Brixter Hill, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb.

Betting: 5 to 1 each agst Minnie Clyde, Glyn, and St. Estéphe, 6 to 1 agst Relic, 7 to 1 agst Glastonbury, 8 to 1 agst Annie Louise, 10 to 1 agst Brixter Hill, and 100 to 8 agst St. Cuthbert. Won in a canter by three lengths; a similar distance separated second and third. Brixter Hill was fourth, and Tentergate fifth.

The GRAND STAND SELLING HANDICAP STAKES of 3 sovs each, with 50 added; for two-year-olds; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Half a mile.

Mr. H. Masterman, jun.'s b f Leoni, 8st 2lb.....Sheard 1
Mr. E. Williamson's Boxing Day, 8st 1lb.....Snowden 2
Mr. Gavin Black's Queen of Scots, 8st.....G. Cook 3
Also ran: Lady Stanley, 8st 12lb; Ruperta, 8st 6lb; Reverdos, 8st 5lb; My Nannie O, 8st 4lb; b c by Stentor—Daggie, 8st 4lb; Kendal, 8st 3lb; Dneiper, 8st 2lb; Merry Music, 8st 2lb; Nora, 8st; Golden Lunnet, 8st 2lb.

Betting: 7 to 2 agst Ruperta, 4 to 1 agst Golden Lunnet, 5 to 1 agst Lady Stanley, 8 to 1 agst Leoni, 10 to 1 agst Queen of Scots, and 20 to 1 agst Merry Music. Won easily by three lengths; a length divided second and third. My Nannie O was fourth, Golden Lunnet fifth, Kendal next, with Ruperta and Merry Music the last pair. The winner was bought in for 55gs.

The TYNEDALE HUNTERS' STAKES of 3 sovs each, with 60 added. Two miles on the flat.

Mr. Cameron's bl g Calabar, by John Davis—Hagar, 4 yrs, 11st (500)

Mr. G. S. Thompson's Verger, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb (500), Mr. G. S. Thompson 1
Mr. G. Stockdale's Onward, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb (500).....Mr. Peart, jun. 3
Also ran: Ravenstein, aged, 11st 10lb (500); South Bank, aged, 11st 10lb (500); Blue Post, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb (500); Tunstall Maid, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb (500); Matilda, 4 yrs, 11st (500); Cypher, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb (500).
Betting: 2 to 1 agst Verger, 4 to 1 agst Matilda, 5 to 1 agst Calabar, and 7 to 1 agst South Bank. Won by a length and a half; two lengths between second and third. Matilda was fourth, Cypher fifth, and Tunstall Maid sixth. The winner was sold to Mr. Thompson for 95gs.

The NORTHERN NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs; winners extra. Five furlongs.

Mr. J. Johnstone's b f by Parmesan—Touch and Go, 7st 3lb.....Fagan 1
Mr. J. Milner's Selene, 7st 10lb (car. 7st 12lb).....F. Chaloner 2
Mr. A. H. T. Newcomen's Warrenby, 7st 11lb.....Horan 3
Also ran: Styx, 8st 12lb; White Rose, 7st 4lb; St. Emilion, 7st; The Widow, 6st 12lb.

Betting: Even on Selene, 5 to 1 agst Styx, 6 to 1 agst The Widow, 8 to 1 agst White Rose, 10 to 1 agst Touch and Go filly, and 11 to 1 agst St. Emilion. Won by a head; a length and a half between second and third.

CROYDON MEETING.

TUESDAY.

A SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP of 50 sovs; for two-year-olds, added to 5 sovs each; winners extra; winner to be sold for 100 sovs. Half a mile.

Mr. J. Martin's b c Bordeaux, by D'Estournel—Parasseuse, 7st 4lb

Mr. Greenwood's Mary of Scotland, 7st 11lb.....Jeffrey 1
Mr. J. Bambridge's Dogskin, 7st 5lb.....Newhouse 2
Also ran: Mariosch, 8st; Miss Ethel, 8st 7lb; May Blossom, 7st 10lb; f by Knight of the Garter—Changeable, 7st 7lb, Darkie, 6st 7lb.

Bettng: 6 to 4 agst Bordeaux, 6 to 1 agst Mary of Scotland, 7 to 1 each agst Dogskin, Miss Ethel, and May Blossom, 8 to 1 agst Darkie, and 10 to 1 agst Changeable filly. Won by half a length; a head between second and third. The winner was bought in for 145gs.

The WOODSIDE PLATE of 100 sovs. Five furlongs.

Mr. E. Davis's br c Paramatta, by Victorious—Adelaide, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb

Mr. J. Barnard's Huntingdon, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb (car. 6st 10lb).....Page 1
Mr. Ellerton's Tintern, 6 yrs, 7st 2lb.....C. Archer 3
Also ran: Bella, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb; Cowslip, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb; Beanstalk, 6 yrs, 7st; Gilestone, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb; Edward III., 3 yrs, 6st 4lb (car. 6st 5lb); Emma Jane, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Bella, 4 to 1 agst Beanstalk, 5 to 1 agst Paramatta, 8 to 1 each agst Tintern and Huntingdon, 10 to 1 agst Edward III., and 20 to 1 agst Emma Jane. Won easily by three lengths; half a length between second and third.

The SHIRLEY STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 40 added. Five furlongs. 12 subs.

Mr. Greenwood's b h Spectator, by Speculum—Sham Fight, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb (500).....Barlow 1
Mr. Davis's Miss Patrick, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb (500).....Constable 2
Mr. Savage's Plate, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb (500).....Skinner 3
Also ran: Cozey, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb (500); Kentigerna, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (500); Bridgegroom, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (500); Snowdrop, 6 yrs, 6st 4lb (500); Shakespear, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb (500); Touchy, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (500); Kitty Billingham, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (car. 6st 5lb) (500).
Betting: 11 to 10 agst Miss Patrick, 6 to 1 agst Cozey, 7 to 1 each agst Spectator, Bridgegroom, and Snowdrop, and 10 to 1 agst Shakespear. Won by a head; a length between second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. Potter for 125gs; Mr. Savage claimed Miss Patrick.

A WELTER CUP, value 50 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each. One mile and a quarter.

Mr. G. Crook's b m Old Fashion, by D'Estournel—Eakring, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb.....Mr. Bevil 1
Mr. G. Bryant's Hestia, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb (inc. 5lb ex.).....Constable 2
Mr. Cambridge's Quickmarch, aged, 10st 10lb.....Mr. F. G. Hobson 3
Also ran: Brassey, 3 yrs, 9st 12lb; Gruyere, 3 yrs, 10st 1lb (inc. 5lb ex.); Tancred, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb; Acrobat, 3 yrs, 9st 12lb (inc. 5lb ex.); Labyrinth, 3 yrs, 9st 5lb (inc. 5lb ex.); Mullinger disq.

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Old Fashion, 3 to 1 agst Tancred, 6 to 1 agst Hestia, 7 to 1 agst Acrobat, 8 to 1 each agst Brassey and Gruyere, and 100 to 7 agst Labyrinth. Labyrinth won by three parts of a length; a length between second and third, but was disqualified for going the wrong side of the post, and the jockey was suspended.

A MAIDEN TWO-YEAR-OLD RACE of 5 sovs each, with 40 added. Half a mile. 23 subs.

Mr. Vane's b c Malta by Knight of the Garter—La Favourite, 8st 12lb.....F. Archer 1
Captain Cooper's Strange Lady, 8st 9lb.....A North 2
Mr. T. Clifford's Ada, 8st 9lb.....C. Archer 3
Also ran: Lady Astley, 8st 6lb; Ancient Mariner, 8st 12lb; Wild Basil, 8st 12lb; Neva, 8st 6lb; Fair Star, 8st 6lb; King Leo, 8st 12lb; Hockerill, 8st 12lb; Prince of Orange, 8st 12lb; Corsair, 8st 12lb; Loafer, 8st 12lb.

Betting: Even on Malta, 7 to 1 agst Ada, and 8 to 1 each agst Loafer and Ancient Mariner. Won by three lengths; a length between the second and third.

A MAIDEN HURDLE RACE of 10 sovs each, with 40 added. One mile and a half. 7 subs.

Mr. W. G. Stevens's b f Mrs. Gamp by General Peel—Caudle, 3 yrs, 10st (500).....Davis w.o.

WEDNESDAY.

The CROYDON HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 50 sovs each, with 40 added; winners extra. One mile and a half.

Mr. J. Johnson's br f Domiduca by the Miner—Interduca, 3 yrs, 11st 5lb

Mr. J. Winfield's Friar Tuck, 4 yrs, 12st 7lb.....J. Barlow 1
Mr. W. Hughes's Saracen, aged, 11st 11lb.....R. Anson 2
Also ran: Bowstring, 3 yrs, 10st 11lb; Aristocrat, 3 yrs, 10st 11lb.
Betting: 5 to 4 on Domiduca, 4 to 1 each agst Saracen and Aristocrat, and 20 to 1 agst any other. Won easily by five lengths; a bad third.

The WEST WICKHAM STAKES of 50 sovs each, with 30 added. Five furlongs.

Mr. Hunt's b h Spectator by Speculum—Sham Fight, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb

Mr. T. Staples's Miss Patrick, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb (500).....Constable 1
Mr. Bush's Mandeville, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb (500).....Weedon 3
Also ran: Cozey, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb (500); Albatross, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb (car. 7st) (500); Auriola, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (500); Mary of Scotland, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (500); Miss Ethel, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (500); Sporting Chronicle, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (500); Mousetrap, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb (500).
Betting: 6 to 4 agst Miss Patrick, 4 to 1 agst Cozey, and 7 to 1 each agst Auriola, Spectator, and Mousetrap. Won by half a length; four lengths separated second and third. The winner was bought in for 135gs; Mandeville was sold to Mr. J. Nightingall for 64gs, and Auriola for 31gs to Mr. Legee.

The CROYDON NURSERY STAKES (Handicap) of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; for two-year-olds; winners extra. Five furlongs.

Mr. T. Cannon's b f Good Thing, by Asteroid—Tip, 7st 10lb.....F. Archer 1
Mr. Mannington's b c by Narbonne—Lady Charlotte, 6st 12lb (car. 7st).....C. Archer 2
Mr. R. Porter's Little Dorrit, 6st 9lb.....J. Jeffrey 3
Also ran: Rhidorroch, 8st 7lb; Maybell, 7st 12lb; Agricola, 7st 4lb.
Betting: 6 to 4 agst Lady Charlotte, 3 to 1 agst Little Dorrit, and 5 to 1 each agst Good Thing and Rhidorroch. Won easily by two lengths; a bad third.

The STAND PLATE (Handicap) of 50 sovs; winners extra. Five fur.

Mr. S. Darling, jun.'s Acrobat, by Kinsman—Lulu, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb.....C. Archer 1
Mr. Revill's Vae Victis, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb.....H. Jeffrey 2
Mr. Savage's Primrose, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb.....Skinner 3
Also ran: Juvenis, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb; Laird of Glenorchy, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb; Prima, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb; Curtius, aged, 7st 7lb; Singular, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb.

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Vae Victis, 4 to 1 agst Laird of Glenorchy, 6 to 1 each agst Acrobat and Prima, and 10 to 1 each agst Curtius and Singular. Won by a head; the same between second and third.

The MILE SELLING RACE of 5 sovs each, with 40 added. One mile. 12 subs.

Mr. Billinghurst's b g Birkbeck, by Trumpeter—Hepatica, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb (500).....Mackey 1
Mr. T. Ansley's Fate, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb (500).....Constable 2
Mr. James Nightingall's Glaucus, aged, 9st 11lb (500).....Morris 3
Also ran: Mariosch, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb (500); Strerforth, 2 yrs, 7st (500); Prince of Holland, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb (500); Vanguard, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (500); Pemmican, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb (500); Sally Lunn, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb (500); Chief Ranger, 6 yrs, 9st 11lb (500).
Betting: 2 to 1 agst Vanguard, 3 to 1 agst Pemmican, 6 to 1 each agst Fate and Birkbeck, 8 to 1 agst Steerforth, 10 to 1 each agst Glaucus and Mariosch, and 20 to 1 agst Prince of Holland. Won by half a length; bad third. The winner was bought in for 150gs.

The CORINTHIAN WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; winners and jockeys extra. Five furlongs.

Mr. F. Davis's b c Paramatta, by Victorious—Adelaide, 4 yrs, 11st (inc. 10lb ex.).....Constable 1
Mr. T. Cannon's Strayaway, 3 yrs, 9st 12lb (inc. 5lb ex.).....Owner 2
Mr. W. Burton's Tancred, 4 yrs, 9st 5lb (inc. 5lb ex.).....Hardcastle 3
Also ran: Bella, 3 yrs, 11st 3lb (inc. 5lb ex.); Miss Manfield, aged, 10st; Mist, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb; Edward III., 3 yrs, 9st 4lb (car. 9st 5lb); Madcap, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb (inc. 5lb ex.); Emma Jane, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb (inc. 5lb ex).
Betting: 2 to 1 each agst Paramatta and Strayaway, 9 to 2 agst Bella, and 10 to 1 agst any other (offered). Won by a head; a bad third, Madcap was fourth, Bella fifth, and Miss Manfield last.

A SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE PLATE of 40 sovs; winner to be sold for 50 sovs. One mile and a half.

Mr. James Nightingall's ch m Snowdrop by Carlton—Emerald, aged, 11st 12lb.....J. Jones 1
Mr. H. Andrew's Heckfield, 3 yrs, 11st.....Owner 2
M. J. Edward's Artiller, aged, 11st 12lb.....Gifford 3
Also ran: Lady Pearl, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb; Saracen, aged, 11st 12lb; Shakspeare, 3 yrs, 11st 12lb.

Betting: 11 to 8 agst Snowdrop, 2 to 1 agst Saracen, 7 to 1 agst Lady Pearl, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by three lengths; a bad third. The winner was sold to Mr. Clifford for 150 gs.

"Pavo" informs us that one or two training changes are spoken of at head-quarters, but nothing has been yet so permanently settled as the appointment of Colonel F. R. Forster, so universally popular in racing circles, as Master of the Horse to the new Vicerey of Ireland.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club were busily employed during the recent meeting in successfully investigating one of the most notorious scandals with which the Turf has ever been associated. The scene of action was chiefly in the Midland counties, and the "instrument of gaming" has run as a two-year-old, a three-year-old, and four-year-old (over hurdles) in turn; the discovery being made through some colouring on the nose and legs sweating off during a race, which exposed certain white marks which were not noticeable beforehand! The animal in question (a mare) was produced before the stewards on Friday week, and some startling exposures may be looked for.

ROSEBERY.

ROSEBERY, bred by Mr. W. Green in 1874, is by Speculum out of Ladylike, by Newminster out of Zuleika, by Muley Moloch out of Corumba, by Filho da Puta, and is the ninth foal of his dam, but the first by Speculum; her other lovers having been Windhound, Leamington (twice), Ben Webster (three times), and Lozenge, but with no better result than that smart and neat, but uncertain, horse Birthday, to Ben Webster. Rosebery's previous performances are not of a sufficiently interesting character to be reported

BY-THE-BYE,

I THINK I may venture to add to that brief sketch of Miss Heath's career, which appeared in the last issue of this paper, the omitted fact that she is the Queen's private reader; a post of honour which she owes to her admirable elocution, and her not less admirable private character. It is, by-the-bye, a tradition in the family of Miss Heath that its members are the descendants of a branch of the royal Stuart race. Last week I had the pleasure of witnessing that lady's performance at the Princess's Theatre in the play of *Jane Shore*, and I afterwards re-read a critical article thereon in the *World*, which describes it as "tedious and verbose, feeble and ineffective." Yet the play draws every night



MISS MARIE WILKINS, AS LA FROCHARD.

from crowded audiences the most marked and enthusiastic expressions of approval, and in its most exciting scene carries those present as completely away with it as if the riotous people on the stage and those in front of it were moved by one common impulse of indignation and pity. Can that be tedious, feeble, and ineffective which attracts such crowds to witness it, and moves their feelings so strongly?

By-the-bye, how curiously different two people's views of one thing may be. The writer in the *World* says—

"Mr. Wills has dismissed Lord Hastings from the story, and lays stress upon the many virtues of his heroine. It is not enough that her sufferings move pity; he demands admiration for her exemplary morality. He concedes that Jane abandoned her husband and her child to become the mistress of Edward IV., but then he is careful to show that she gave money liberally to the poor—the money being presumably the wages of her dishonour. Mr. Wills, indeed, seems to have persuaded himself that Jane Shore was a kind of Christian martyr, and represents her as possessed of a lively sense of her own worthiness."

Drawing from the same original, I should have written as follows:—

Mr. Wills lays deep stress upon the secret upbraidings of his heroine's conscience, from which she vainly seeks relief in the doing of good and charitable actions. In the midst of all that can flatter and delight the proudest and most luxurious of her sex, she shrinks with unconquerable feelings of fear, shame, and remorse, before her husband's humblest friend, John Grist, the baker, when he mingles with the beggars whom her bounty feeds and clothes. Mr. Wills paints touchingly the mother's painful yearnings for the child she had been so sorely tempted to desert, and, despite the grandeur of her position and the servile adulations of courtly flatterers, who secretly regard her with scorn, envy, and hate, she looks yearningly back to the love of her deserted husband and the quiet peace of her abandoned home. His brave, spirited heroine submits with terribly enforced meekness to



MDLE. MALVINA BARTOLITTI.

the coarse open insults and scathing sarcasms of the haughty woman she has injured, because, although she has the power, she has not the right, to resent them—implores mercy where she might enforce silence, and endures torture, not as "a kind of Christian martyr" or "injured saint," but as a degraded and convicted criminal, who has neither the power nor the right to resent cruelty. Her jewelled robes and rich outer adornments mock the sackcloth and ashes of her inmost soul.

The *World* says, "When upon the death of the king she is compelled to quit the palace and assume a less luxurious style of dress, Jane gives herself the airs of an injured saint, and is shocked to find that her betrayed husband is scarcely prepared

forthwith to welcome her back to the home she had disgraced and fled."

To me it seemed that when shunned by those her bounty had fed, and by the rich and powerful "friends" who had lavished their caresses upon her, she went from the palace gates utterly friendless and abandoned, it was in sheer desperation that she turned to the only man who had truly loved her. Seeking him, not with the harlot's brazen and insulting confidence, but in terror, expecting a fearful reception, and steeling her broken heart to endure it. I saw nothing of the shock he of the *World* speaks of, but only her lingering outside the window, her shrinking cowardice, when, with trembling hands, she hesitatingly opened it, how in the frantic effort of a love, strengthened by pity to desperation, she at length threw herself at her husband's feet to endure his scornful silence and stern reproaches, and as I listened to his bitter taunts, and saw her swoon from excess of agony, I looked round and saw tears in many gentle eyes, and but one man unmoved. Perhaps he belonged to "another parish," and was a citizen of the *World*.

Again, says the critic, "Jane is wooed by Gloster, who, as an original way of winning her regard, confides to her his intention of murdering the young princes in the Tower. His suit rejected, Gloster accuses her of witchcraft, and condemns her to public penance, and further, to perish of hunger, in Cheapside."

Gloster's scheme is perfectly consistent. The woman may be made useful to him, and he offers to restore her from the streets to her former dignity. His overtures are received with incredulous horror, and rejected with disdain. His threats leave her unmoved. The sentence of penance and starvation terrifies her to madness; but in all these phases of intense and passionate feeling the poor fallen woman is nobly true to her nobler self, and justly commands our sympathy.

Once more, says the critic, "happily with a remarkable pre-



MISS HEATH, AS JANE SHORE (ACT I.).

vision of her coming needs, Jane, in the days of her prosperity, had made friends with one John Grist, a baker, who now at her hungriest moment presents her with a loaf of bread."

So far wrong is this, that Jane in the days of her prosperity, unable to endure his reproaches, had caused her serving-men to thrust stout John—admirably played by Mr. Revelle—from her palace gates.

But there—why dwell on the question? The play I saw is evidently not the play he saw, and it is for the reader to say which of the two is the play Mr. Wills wrote. A visit to the Princess's Theatre will promptly settle the question so far as it concerns you, my friend; and if you have not already paid that visit, I hereby advise you to do so.

By-the-bye, do you remember a story Alfred Bunn—Hot-cross Bunn, some called him—used to tell of an old gentleman, who inscribed on the costly cabinet in which he enshrined his edition of Shakspeare, "TO AUTHORS—Thou shalt not steal. To Critics—Thou shalt not bear False Witness; and to Actors—Thou shalt not murder?"

Bye-the-bye, I have received something of interest pertaining to Mr. Barry Sullivan, from a Cork reader, who vouches upon the best authority for the accuracy of the anecdote. The writer says, "Years ago—never mind how many, for I speak of the famous Miss Romer, and of opera, and both woman and music are undated; years ago, then, I was a dweller in Cork, and the old city was all excitement and delight with the visit of an opera troupe—a wonderful opera troupe for those days, and eminently acceptable even for these, for the charming Miss Romer aforesaid, was the prima donna, the renowned Englishman Leffler, was the bass, and the equally renowned Scotchman, Wilson, was the tenor. Several operas had been given, among them *The Mountain Sylph*, *Sonnambula*, &c., and then *Fra Diavolo* came on the managerial tapis. There Zerlina, Giacomo, Beppo, Lord and Lady Allcash, the dashing Fra himself, but no Lorenzo! 'No Lorenzo,' sighed Miss Romer; 'No Lorenzo—whew!' whistled Wilson, 'No Lorenzo!'—an octave lower—dia-

poned Leffler. Trio—"Opera can't be done!" Stay," cried, the Manager; "there's a young fellow engaged in the company who has a pretty tenor voice, and who might be able to struggle through it." Trio (*desperate*)—"Can he act?" "Don't know. He hasn't had a chance yet. He's only twenty; been with me but three weeks, and has not yet trod my boards or any other." Trio (*contristezza*)—"Oh!—Ah! just so! Thanks, Impossible!" "Let's do it without Lorenzo," ponderously suggested the bass. "What! Cut out my lover—my gallant officer! Never!" cried the prima donna. "Suppose we hear this young man sing, Wilson," said she. "Do," said the manager, "there are two things in his favour—he is deuced good looking and he knows music." Trio (*animato*)—"Bravo, bravo! We'll hear him." The 'young man' was immediately summoned, the state of affairs explained, and Wilson asked him to sing a song for them. "Chance is the rough stone which decision carves into the image of a god," says a French philosopher. Our young man seized his chance, and sang with steady nerve and steady voice, the old ballad 'The Rose of Allandale.' Trio (*con spirito*): "Good! excellent!" and though the *impromptu* tenor did not exactly carve the Rose of Allandale into the image of a goddess, he made enough of the 'chance' to have the score of the opera immediately put into his hands, and with Wilson at the piano, he, without a moment's delay, commenced his study of Lorenzo—six lengths of dialogue, a song, and many pages of difficult concerted music; and four nights after the Corkonians applauded a capital Lorenzo. Well, the 'young fellow with a very pretty tenor voice' who struggled through Lorenzo, was not destined for the lyric stage after all. Inclinations, stronger than chance, wedded him to the tragic muse—play-going Great Britain assisting at the ceremony. The stripling lover has been changed into the great tragedian, the 'pretty tenor' mellowed into the 'big manly voice,' and the

'young fellow who had never trod any boards' transformed into the hero of a thousand theatres—Barry Sullivan."

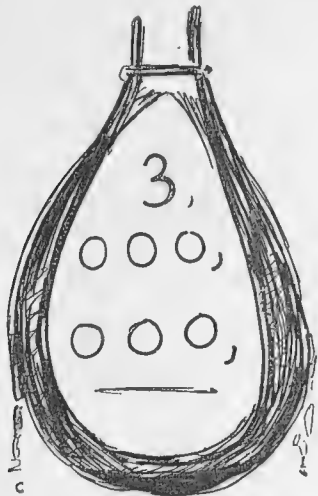
While chatting of stage matters, I may note, as news from America, that a new theatrical paper has made its appearance there, published in New York. It is illustrated, and expresses a very high opinion of its illustrations; of that you shall, however, judge yourself. The two numbers I have received contain portraits of two famous American actresses, and I take the liberty of borrowing them to show you. The one represents Miss Marie Wilkins, "made up" as "La Frochard" in *The Two Orphans*; the other, Mdle. Malvina Bartolitti, the famous "*premiere danseuse assoluta*." Miss Wilkins (Mrs. Davis) went to America in 1865. Mdle. Bartolitti is known in this country, was the principal dancer in the spectacle of the *Pied de Mouton*, at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, and afterwards achieved triumphs at the Grand Opera House. She was at Milan when the manager of Booth's Theatre, Mr. H. J. Palmer, induced her to cross the Atlantic, where she is in great repute as a tasteful and accomplished terpsichorean artist. A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

THE Paris Athenée has reopened with *Il Signor Pulcinella*, a piece which was formerly played at the Déjazet Theatre, and later at the Variétés.

"A VICTIM" writes:—"Will you allow me through the medium of your columns to caution the large proportion of the public, who are interested in the horse, of a new dodge? The plan is to advertise that a gentleman has a horse he wishes to let on hire for three months, for his keep during the winter. You go to the news and see a man who says he is acting for the gentleman, and agrees to let you have the horse on leaving £5 deposit, which he will return to you at the expiration of the time. You send the £5, expecting to get the horse, and all he does is to give a receipt for the money, as if it had been bought, and refuses to let it go until you pay another £25 or so. In the hope that this may prevent others from being taken in, will you kindly insert it?"

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

ABOUT a year and a half ago a piece was produced by a French company at the Opera Comique, called *Les Trente Millions de Gladiateur*. Fun, side-splitting fun was the mainspring of the play; I say advisedly play for there was no pretence of work about it. The situations were comical, the dialogue smart, and the plot like the plots of most comedies, merely a thread to string the beads of wit and humour upon. Hearing of the piece, Mr. Sothorn requested one of the present adaptors of *Three Millions of Money* to translate and fit it for the English stage, with the intention of playing the hero himself. The play was adapted, accepted, and cast at the Haymarket Theatre, but Mr. Sothorn, for reasons best known to himself, decided not to attempt the rôle, and the project fell to the ground. A copy, however, falling into the



hands of Mrs. John Wood, she read it, appreciated the humour of it, and consented to produce it at the St. James's Theatre, on condition that certain changes should be made, and that certain artists could be engaged in the cast. The alterations were made, approved of, and the artists, after some difficulty, secured, and the piece was at length produced on Saturday night last.

I have, as the Irishman said, "rasons as big as plums," for not using either the scalpel or the sugar spoon in noticing *Three Millions of Money*. I shall therefore confine myself to a criticism of the actors therein, merely premising that the adaptors pretend neither to a "high moral purpose" nor to any "good work," to use the current slang of criticism. It is a strong practical effort to make people laugh. And I must say that every time I have been to see it (and "thrice the brinded cat hath mewed") it has made me laugh consumedly. Why, I ask, why has it made me laugh? Simply and solely because of the irresistibly comic acting of some of the histrions engaged in it.

Mrs. John Wood, who never does anything by halves, has engaged a company of the very first order of artistic excellence. I will deal with the performances in detail.

First, there is Mrs. John Wood herself as Florence Desmond,



Mrs. John Wood as "Florence Desmond."

a brilliant widow who, with no fortune but her five wits, is attempting to "scale the slippery glacier of Society." Among her many brilliant successes Mrs. Wood has never scored one more brilliant than this. From first to last she displays a delicacy of humorous perception that is delightful to witness. Intrinsically, the part of Mrs. Desmond is a very slight one, and owes its humour rather to the attitude in which the widow is placed in relation to the other characters of the play, than to anything she has to do or say on her own account. It was evident, too, that Mrs. John Wood's

native wit more than once came to her aid, to the enrichment of the dialogue. The rarest and most valuable quality of her performance, however, is the subtle appreciation she has of caricature. She is never betrayed into too great extravagance of voice or gesture; the absurdities on which the humour depends she suggests rather than expresses, and while preserving the gravity of purpose proper to true comedy, she conveys her own keen sense of the ludicrous to the audience with irresistible effect. In the scenes with John (Mr. Geo. Honey) the butler, whom she transforms into her uncle, and those with Paracelsus Duffy, the love-sick apothecary, Mrs. Wood proves most thoroughly what a perfect mistress of the art of comedy acting she is. I must not forget, also, to mention the duet a Pitalienne in the fourth act, wherein she and Mr. George Honey caricature the pretentious vocalists of society. This picture is perfect in its way, and reminds one more than anything that has been put upon the stage of some of Du Maurier's delightful caricatures in *Punch*.

All that I have said in praise of Mrs. John Wood's performance of Mrs. Desmond applies equally to Mr. George Honey's performance of John. In America, where they do not always ratify the English opinion in regard to our popular histrionic favourites, they quickly recognised in Honey a genuine comic actor, one who does not have to resort to any buffooneries to excite the vacant laugh, but a true artist, who seizes on what vital comedy elements are in any part that is entrusted to him, forms a distinct first conception, and therefrom evolves an unmistakeable character, or caricature, as the case may be. No low-comedian of our time is identified with the "creation" of so many remarkable parts. Who can forget his marvellous rendering of old Eccles, in Robertson's *Caste*, or his exquisitely humorous "Our Mr. Jenkins," in Albery's *Two Roses*? In *Three Millions of Money*, as the promoted butler, George Honey has succeeded in adding another unctuous and unique portrait to his already rich repertoire. As John, he is all through inimitably humorous, and in one or two notable scenes with Mrs. Desmond, he touches the summit of comic acting. It is as well to remember, too, that of this character, as Mr. Honey presents it, there was no glimpse in the original French play, and I am bold to say that no French



Mr. Honey as "John"

actor could invest it with the English comedian's depth or drollery. The only pity is that the character has not a more important bearing on the plot of the piece—if plot it may be called. When Mrs. Wood and Mr. Honey are on the stage, they hold the audience at their will. In their absence, a sense of vacancy is felt which even the excellent acting of those who play the other principal characters cannot wholly dispel.

Three Millions of Money has given Mr. George Clarke the opportunity, for which he has had to wait long enough in all conscience, of proving to a London audience that he is a thoroughly trained and unusually intelligent young actor. His rendering of the Californian millionaire, Jefferson C. Dexter, is both novel and natural. Of course, those limited people who will not recognise an American on the stage, unless he comes on alternately whittling a stick and picking his teeth with a bowie-knife—those who deem Mr. Buckstone's Asa Trenchard a perfectly life-like and satisfactory portrait of the "American citizen," make objections to George Clarke's performance, and say that it is not true to nature. The people who say so go about with their eyes shut.

You will meet George Clarke's identical Californian at every grand hotel on the continent. You will see him driving down Rotten Row in an open carriage any day in the season—ditto through Champ Elysées in Paris. Why he's all over Paris. You will encounter him at Rome, at Florence, at Vienna, at St. Petersburg. Do you remember our mutual friend, Joaquin Miller, when he was in London? (Your good health Joaquin, wherever you may be!) He was quite as extravagant in costume, quite as eccentric in expenditure as the Jefferson C. Dexter of Mr. George Clarke. To be sure Joaquin was not a millionaire. But he was a poet, which amounts to the same thing in the abstract. Over and above the nationality which he portrays, Mr. George Clarke exhibits a comedy instinct that is—well that is worthy of a more classic style of comedy than *Three Millions of Money*.

On the shoulders of Mr. Charles Warner falls the most difficult part in the piece, that of the bashful comical young apothecary, Paracelsus Duffy. Mr. Warner is to be congratulated on having

so successfully interpreted the character. It is no doubt at first a shock to the feelings of those who have learned to identify this actor with the well-dressed, manly jeune premier of modern comedy, to see him come on in shabby clothes that are too small for him, playing the part of a bashful, ridiculous young man. But so soon as you grasp the intended fun and extravagance of the



Mr. C. Warner as "Paracelsus Duffy"

whole thing, you are able properly to appreciate the value of Mr. Charles Warner's first important essay in comic acting.

Of the other actors and actresses, Mr. Clifford Cooper deserves praise for his careful picture of the fussy old dentist, Mr. Molar. As Mrs. Molar, Miss Lavis is, as usual, truculently amusing. Miss Maria Daly represents Lady Ascot with her customary appreciation of comedy. Miss Telbin, a young actress of very



Mr. George Clarke as "Col. Jefferson C. Dexter."

pleasing appearance, and new to the London stage, plays Maud Molar. The small parts of Miss Featherstone and Mary are intelligently represented by Miss Oscar Byrne and Miss Wilmore, and Mr. F. Mervin plays the small part of Smithers with a care worthy of a greater one; Mr. Darrell also plays a small part ably, that of Thomas.

In conclusion, whatever may be the faults of the piece, the actors of *Three Millions of Money*, at the St. James's Theatre, succeed in evoking very unmistakeable and spontaneous mirth.

TURFIANA.

TAKING up the thread of our parable in last week's racing at Newmarket, which was cut short by the inexorable scissors of the "devil," commanding us to pull up short in our stride, we need not cut much time to waste over Wednesday's racing, in which each of the old sprinting performers, Farnese, Oxonian, and Ecossais had his benefit, and Twine the Plaiden rather "mixed up" the three-year-old form which we thought Doncaster had set right. However Great Tom and Wild Tommy can clearly neither of them be wonders, and it is somewhat extraordinary that the Rowley Mile has often times proved a fatal course for the sons of King Tom, to which let many a Two Thousand Guineas race bear witness. Thursday was big with the fate of the Middle Park Plate, and many appeared to share our notions of the capability of Lady Golightly to set her penalty at nought, and to avenge the defeat of Kingcraft. However, she had to cast in her lot with "penalised greatness," and it is just on the cards that she might have been more forward at the finish had she set sail with waiting orders. As it was, she not only cut her own throat, but was a good deal upset by her race, and she comes of a family which does not forget the "pinching" process. Plunger we had an excellent opportunity of looking over at Doncaster, as we stood alongside him in the saddling shed, while the Portland Plate was getting drenched at the post. Like many of the Adventurers, he is a lengthy angular colt on rather a high leg, something after Lord Cliden's style, and he has certainly grown the right way since his yearling days, when he looked a loose-made, bony youngster, without much of the Newminster cut about him. To our eye he looks more the horse for Doncaster than Epsom, but then people said the same of his relative Pretender, who was also a most indifferent mover in his slow paces. Therefore it is quite on the cards that the blue jacket of "brother Hector" may show as formidable a front on the great day at Epsom as brother Alexander's grey and scarlet on Kisber last May. Robert Peck had improved Pellegrino marvellously since he came out "all legs and wings," and without much idea of galloping, at Goodwood. Since then he has had many lessons on Weathercock and White Horse Hills, but he will never be fully ripe and ready until next season, when, with a good preparation and a continuance of his present well-doing, he is likely to make a bold bid for the highest honours of the turf. If Heath House apprehended danger from any quarter, they certainly had less cause to look for it in the French lot than any other, seeing that Lady Golightly had disposed of both Verneuil and Chamant so handsomely at Doncaster. We were, it appears, in error concerning the former, when we spoke of him in connection with the Derby, for which race he is not entered, and has nothing save the Grand Prix before him next year. His stable companion, who takes his name from M. Lefevre's place, is at present rather a tall, narrow colt, slightly on leg, and with nothing like the substance of Verneuil. Like Gladiator, he may widen and let down before next spring, but there is a chance of his growing in the other direction, and we shall decide to wait a little longer without according to him our "vote and interest" for the great Derby election. Sidonia and Thunderstone ran only moderately, and what owners of experience

can see to admire in such mountains of horseflesh passes our comprehension. Once in fifty years we hit upon a Prince Charlie or a Lowlander, but the majority of sixteen-hand yearlings fly to pieces like a Prince Rupert's drop while in training, and only remain gigantic and useless monuments of the infatuation for big horses. Glen Arthur disappointed us, for he was certainly the handsomest youngster sold last year at Doncaster, and seems to have been at a standstill ever since, lacking the size and scope of a first-rate performer. He (along with Pellegrino, Sidonia, and The Rover, who averaged *nineteen hundred guineas* each) was among the fifteen "thousand-pounders" of last year, and so far, the blinkered Orleans is the only one of those which has succeeded in winning the price of a saddle.

Friday was quite an interesting day's racing, and Great Tom's Derby performance must have put Lord Falmouth quite out of conceit of such a clumsy giant, while his vaunted superiority to Skylark is never likely to obtain credence again. In the Prendergast, Plunger showed that he ought to have been further in front of Lady Golightly on the previous day, or it may be that her ladyship has had enough of it lately, for Palm Flower, with only 3lb. the best of the weights, had the foot of Lord Falmouth's mare all the way, and the three managed to settle hopelessly Mr. Crawford's Central Fire, another of the heavy-priced brigade, who cost fifteen hundred guineas at the sale of the Yardley lot, last year. Altogether, it must be accounted a capital Second October Meeting, and next week, in addition to Criterion, Cambridgeshire, and Dewhurst Plate anniversaries, we shall have the great turf conclave solemnly met to decide the weighty issues placed before them by the select committee of the Jockey Club. Inasmuch as they have pledged themselves to meet from day to day until the digest of racing law has been fully discussed, they will have to sit late and rise early, if they wish to conclude their labours before the silly season sets in. We are particularly anxious to see how Mr. Chaplin's amendments will fare, and, as regards his proposal of keeping the "close time" for two year olds at its original date, he is but following out the policy inaugurated by Sir Joseph Hawley, and supported by himself. The question of assumed names is also an important one, and likely to provoke the warmest of debates, for it touches something beyond the interests of a few outsiders, certain of our racing legislators having chosen to adopt the mask. The subject was so fully noticed in another part of this journal last week that there is no occasion to go over the same ground again; but it is most desirable that the question should now be set at rest for ever, and that no subsequent "harassing legislation" should be allowed to disturb the calm which we are all desirous should follow the storm of discussion. Rarely has any field for the Oaks turned out so many stud celebrities as that which went down to the post with Regalia in 1865. The queen of that June day, who gave Mr. Graham his first taste of a big success, besides throwing a Grand National winner to Saunterer at Middle Park, has sustained his reputation across the Channel, and Verneuil is her stalwart pledge to Mortemer, a sire of whom his owner was especially choice and determined to keep him, like a bin of the finest vintage, for himself and a few friends. The slashing Wild Agnes, who had been the apple of John Osborne's eye at Middleham, is dam of Wild Tommy, who would have aroused a perfect yell of delight among the fraternity of fielders,

had he got his head in front of Petrarch's at Doncaster. Following Wild Agnes' home for the Oaks came Zephyr, who lived only long enough to breed Favonius to Parmesan, and then straightway took her departure to the envious shades. Among the "great unplaced" there ran a finely-formed though coarsely-shaped mare, the coffin-headed Araucaria, a bearer of the famed blue Exeter stripes, and almost the last progeny of Pocahontas, the most famous stud-book "landmark" of modern times. Passing by Stephanotis and others of her progeny of lesser note, we find Araucaria recorded as the dam of Camelia, one of the competitors for the Oaks of this year; and rendered still more famous as having borne Chamant to Mortemer. Siberia, Zenobia, and Celerrima are also "dams of winners," and "Gladiator's year," which gave us, in the way of sires, nothing better than Breadalbane and The Duke has made ample amends by its contribution to the rank of distinguished matrons.

Harry Hall's "Kisber" is the latest addition to Baily's gallery of great winners, and a most faithful and conscientious likeness is, "nothing extenuating, nor ought setting down in malice," and it is certain that the hand of the veteran has not lost one touch of its cunning. It succeeds, too, where so many transcripts from his paintings have failed, in truth of colouring, a point too often neglected in reproducing the "original."

The Houghton programme is a formidable one to tackle, and we shall be content to be represented by *Rob Roy* in the Criterion, as we look upon him as made for the course, and he will come out fresher than Plunger, Lady Golightly, Chamant, Verneuil, and Pellegrino; albeit we hold the chestnut son of Regalia in great respect. For a Post Sweepstakes commend us to *Silvio*, and for the Hundred Sweepstakes to his stable companion *King Clovis*. A similar Sweepstakes on Wednesday may fall to *Illustrissimus*, and yet another of the same nature on Thursday to *Fieldfare* or *Spiegelchiff*. *Avontes* may be good enough to credit Mr. Crawford with the Troy, and in the Dewhurst Plate we shall be content to plunge on *The Plunger*. The Free Handicap of 100 sovs each is at the mercy of *Springfield*, and we shall be content to follow the green and gold jacket (with a run) in the Jockey Club Cup, though the Green Lodge champion has never yet had so tough a task set him, and he may fail to stay the Cesarewitch course. The Cambridgeshire has been a fair betting race, and The Ghost, up to the time of writing, has kept his place with remarkable firmness. As we are inclined to doubt his staying powers, we shall pass him over in favour of Hopbloom, notwithstanding his retrogression in the market. It seems almost like flying in the face of reason to assert our belief that Blantyre will be found to possess better claims than Rosebery, though his owner's personal support of the Cesarewitch hero is significant. Lord Lincoln is not one of our fancies, nor can we believe in the success of Telescope, who does not look as if he were cut out for this severe journey. If Blantyre has returned to his three-year-old form, which we see no reason to doubt, Rosebery must be a clinker indeed to beat him; but we are bound to respect market movements in a certain degree, and shall therefore elect to stand by

ROSEBERY and BLANTYRE,

regarding HOPBLOOM and MERRY DUCHESS as eligible candidates for places. SKYLARK.

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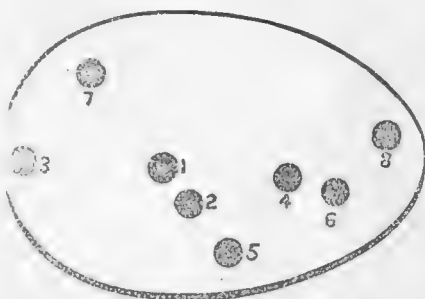
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LOMBARD DEPOSIT BANK, LIMITED.

(Extract from the Directors' Report, presented to
the Shareholders at the Third Ordinary General
Meeting, held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Saturday,
the 16th September, 1876.)

THE Directors have again much satis-
faction in presenting their Balance Sheet and
Profit and Loss Account for the half-year ending 30th
June last, and being their third half-yearly Report.

Notwithstanding the general depression of business,
the Directors, during the past six months, have made,
in addition to temporary loans, 401 advances of a more
permanent character (making a total of 770 advances
for the year), on Mortgage Deeds, amounting to
£35,293 5s. 10d., upon which the interest and bonus
amount to £5,260 1s. 6d.

From the above, the Shareholders will have no diffi-
culty in judging that the business has so far developed
in proportion as the Company has become known to the
public, and that, from its intrinsic merits and utility, a
further and rapid expansion may reasonably be ex-
pected.

The books, vouchers, and accounts of the Bank up to
the 30th day of June, 1876, have been carefully
examined by the Auditor, and, after an exhaustive in-
vestigation, have been certified as correct.

The Directors regret that they were unable to call
the Shareholders together at an earlier date, but have
taken steps to prevent a recurrence of any such delay
in future; they, also, being fully alive to the importance
of the accuracy of the figures furnished, have devoted
much anxious time to their elucidation and confirma-
tion, and, in their discretion, they have had the services
of an independent Auditor, and can now place the
accounts before you with the greatest confidence.

The Shareholders consist of all classes of Society,
including Clergy, Officers of the Army and Navy,
Ladies, Professional Men, Merchants, Manufacturers,
and Commercial Travellers, who have spontaneously
joined the Company, and in many instances given, un-
asked, their valuable testimony to its utility, their ap-
proval of the principles upon which it is founded, and
their confidence in the Board of Management.

The Directors in dealing with the profits have resolved
to set aside yearly a sum to provide a Reserve Fund,
so that the Shareholders may be assured of a Per-
manent Dividend of at least 12½ per cent., also to write
off a portion of the purchase account each half-year.
They have no doubt that this resolution will meet with
the approval of all who feel an interest in the prosperity
of the Bank. Such a course will ensure a double
benefit—1st. Shares entitling to a good Dividend thus
permanently secured, will be much more valuable than
shares receiving larger Dividends for a limited period,
but without the same solid basis to rest upon in times
of stagnation. 2nd. Depositors will much more freely
entrust their funds to a Company having a good Reserve
Fund, than to one which divides all and provides
nothing for the future.

LOMBARD DEPOSIT BANK, LIMITED.

AT THE THIRD ORDINARY
GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders,
held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Saturday, the 16th
September, 1876, Colonel MAHON in the Chair, the
Directors' Report and Statement of Accounts were
unanimously approved, and a Dividend at the rate of
12½ per cent. was declared.

The cordial thanks of the meeting were unanimously
passed to Mr. James Pryor, the Manager of the Com-
pany, and to the Chairman and Directors.

By Order of the Board,

R. A. TYLER, Secretary.

43 and 44, Lombard-street,
18th September, 1876.

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depositors than a fluctuating rate of 2 or 3 per cent."—
Investors' Guardian.

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CAPITAL OF THE COMPANY, £100,000,
IN 5,000 SHARES OF £20 EACH.

Application is invited for 2,000 Shares, being the un-
allotted portion of the New Capital authorised to be
issued.

£10 PER SHARE PAYABLE ON APPLICATION. £10 ON
ALLOTMENT.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company was incorporated in 1872 for the Pur-
chase, Breeding, and Sale of Thoroughbred Stock.

The following Annual Sales have been held:—

June, 1873...	33 Yearlings, averaging £404 each.
June, 1874...	33 " " 304 "
June, 1875...	38 " " 411 "
June, 1876...	41 " " 379 "

The net Service money earned by the Company, in-
dependent of the Service to the Company's own mares,
has amounted to £12,866.

Three Dividends of 10 per cent. have been paid for
the years ending June, 1873, 1874, and 1875. The
profits for the year ending 30th June, 1876, show a 10
per cent. dividend, of which the Directors advise 5 per
cent. should be divided amongst the Shareholders, and
5 per cent. reserved.

The following is a list of the Company's Blood Stock:
HORSES—BLAIR ATHOL, CARNIVAL, CATERER, BLUE
GOWN—On Hire for four Seasons, GEORGE FREDERICK
and WILD OATS, on hire, with option of purchase.

Ninety thoroughbred BROOD MARES, 27 of them being
covered by Blair Athol, 14 by Carnival, and the re-
mainder by George Frederick, Wild Oats, Caterer,
Doncaster, Cardinal York, Cremorne, Favonius, and
others.

Fifty FOALS—8 of them being by Blair Athol, 6 by
Macaroni, the remainder by Hermit, Speculum, Adven-
turer, Favonius, Scottish Chief, and others.

In anticipation of the present issue of Shares, the
whole Stock has been lately submitted to the valuation
of three gentlemen, who have separately and independ-
ently valued them. The Foals, which will form the
subject of next year's Sale, have been valued by them
at their estimated cost price to the Company, being an
average of £150 each, leaving any real profit to be
ascertained at the next Annual Sale, which profit will
be supplemented in the next year's accounts by the
value of the Foals of 1877, and the service money earned
by the Company.

With the proceeds of the present issue of Shares it is
intended to redeem the existing Debenture Bonds of
the Company, amounting to £25,000, and to reserve
sufficient funds in hand to purchase provender on the
best terms for cash. It is not proposed to increase the
Stud beyond 100 head, exclusive of Foals.

Application for Shares should be made on the
annexed form, and addressed to the Bankers of the
Company.

Prospectuses may be obtained of the Bankers and
Secretary.

The following are the existing Contracts affecting
the Company:—

- 31st August, 1872.—Indenture between Charles Combe
and the Company (Lease of Paddocks).
- 22nd July, 1873.—Indenture between Charles Combe
and the Company (Lease of Cottage).
- 26th November, 1873.—Indenture between the Com-
pany and John Coupland and G. A. Sedgwick
(Deed to secure Debentures).
- 12th December, 1874.—Agreement between Francis
Flannery and the Company (Hire of "Wild
Oats").
- 15th March, 1875.—Agreement between J. F. Mac-
kenzie and the Company (Hire of Lands).
- 23rd October, 1875.—Indenture between William
Henry Stephens and the Company (Assignment
of Leasehold premises "Cossins").
- 30th October, 1875.—Agreement between William
Sheward Cartwright and the Company (Hire of
"George Frederick").
- 7th May, 1876.—Agreement between the Union Club
of Berlin and the Company (Hire of "Blue
Gown").

THE SELECT RACING STUD,

Limited.—Capital, £10,000 in 500 Shares of £20
each, to be fully paid up, with no further liability.
The Company is established to form a select Stud of
Race-horses. The Mares selected will be of purest
blood, and served by first-class Stallions only. Breed-
ing thoroughbred horses is most profitable, as shown
by facts in prospectus. 350 Yearlings, sold this year,
realised £145,000, averaging over £400 each. An aver-
age of only £350 will enable this Company to pay 25
per cent. One of the best trainers in England will be
employed. Application for the unallotted Shares to
be made to the Secretary, Sydenham Dixon, Esq., 18,
Catherine Street, Strand, London, who will supply
Prospectus and all information. Cheques to be crossed
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Greyhounds, comprising Crusus, Chamelon, Chili,
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Blackburn—Chamelion, Magnana—Charming May,
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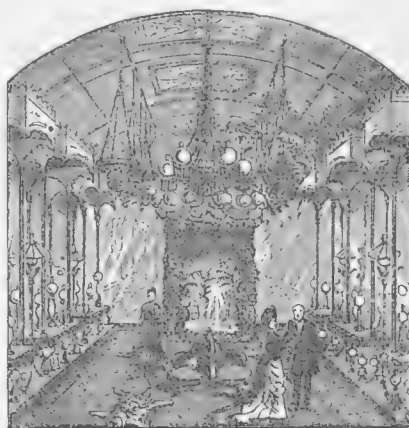
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 in Solid Oak or White Ash, 22 gs.; and in elegant
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MODEL PIANOFORTE, Iron Frame, Trichord
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 Mahogany or Black Walnut Case, and Check Action,
FORTY-THREE GUINEAS; with Plain Action,
THIRTY-EIGHT GUINEAS.

Made expressly to withstand the heat and moisture of
 extreme climates. Every part that is glued is also
 secured with screws. The felt on the hammers, &c., is
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 lined with perforated zinc to keep out damp and insects;
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 persons who have had many years' experience in the
 care of musical instruments in India and China.

Testimonials of the durability of these instruments
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 The price includes—1, Packing-cases of tin and
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WALTZ, on Arthur Sullivan's Popular Song.
 Played daily at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster.
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 All the above are Encored Nightly.

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 WILL TAKE PLACE ON
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 November 28, 29, and 30, 1876.

Under the Grand National Hunt Rules.

The following races close and name to Messrs.
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FIRST DAY.
THE GRAND NATIONAL HANDICAP HURDLE
RACE of 20 sovs each, 10 ft., with 200 added; any
 winner of a handicap hurdle race value 100 sovs after
 the publication of the weights () to carry
 10lb, any other winner 5lb extra; the owner of the
 second horse to save his stake; entrance 3 sovs each
 (to go to the fund), which will be the only liability if
 forfeit be declared by noon on the Thursday before
 running; about two miles and a quarter, over nine
 flights of hurdles.

SECOND DAY.
THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STEEPLE
CHASE of 25 sovs each, 10 ft., with 500 added; the
 owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs out of
 the stakes, and the third to save his stake; any winner of
 a handicap steeple chase value 100 sovs after the publi-
 cation of the weights () to carry 10lb, of any
 other steeple chase, or of a hurdle race, value 100 sovs,
 5lb, or of two other steeple chases 7lb extra; entrance
 3 sovs each (to go to the fund), which will be the only
 liability if forfeit be declared by noon the Thursday
 before running; about four miles.

In all races at this meeting three horses, the property
 of different owners, to run, or only such portion of the
 added money will be given as the Stewards may deem
 fit.

The Duke of MONTROSE,
 The Earl of COVENTRY,
 Lord MARCUS BERESFORD,
 Lord DORCHESTER,
 Sir J. D. ASTLEY, Bart.,
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PALOMINO, dry delicate Sherry, 30s.
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 grown in Spain; recommended with confidence. Rail-
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UNSOPHISTICATED ALCOHOL.—
 O.D.V. PURE BRANDY, twice rectified and
 divested of all fusel oil. "Peculiarly free from acidity,
 and better adapted to the use of invalids than any other
 spirit."—Dr. Ure. "An article of undoubted purity;
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 the qualities of a good brandy."—Dr. Letheby. 38s.
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ALTO DOURO, fine old Port, 30s. per
 dozen, matured seven years in wood, pure and
 genuine, excellent for invalids, and unequalled at
 price; recommended with confidence. Railway paid.
 Established 1829.—HENRY BRETT and Co., 26 and 27,
 High Holborn.

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BUSINESS OR PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE
 ADDRESSED AND FORWARDED
 with safety; name on window; use of rooms for
 writing; terms moderate.
DE LA MOTTE'S,
 14 and 15, BEAUFORT BUILDINGS, STRAND.

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 HYDE-PARK.
SALES by AUCTION EVERY MONDAY.
 Horses on view Saturday.

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MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give
 Notice that all lots at their Yearling and
 Thoroughbred Sales are expected to be paid for before
 delivery, and that if orders are given to their regular
 customers after a sale, it must be upon the understand-
 ing that they are to be paid for, on the following Mon-
 day at Albert-gate.

NOTICE.—There will NOT be a SALE
 NEXT THURSDAY. — THURSDAYS'
 SALES are DISCONTINUED for the SEASON.

AT HIGHFIELD HALL, ST. ALBANS,
 STUD FARM.

FOR PRIVATE SALE.—LORD
KEITH, a valuable young stallion by Keith
 (son of Blair Athol) out of Blanchette (Nancy's dam)
 by The Baron, 3 yrs; a rich dark brown, 16 hands
 high, with power and action. And Thirty valuable well
 bred young BROOD MARES, adapted for exporta-
 tion, and covered by Joskin (the sire of Plebeian and
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 and sire of Queen of the Bees, and other winners of
 £30,000; Cock of the Walk by Chanticleer, and Tich-
 borne by Trumpeter out of Mermaid by Buccaneer—
 Naïad by Weatherbit, and other stallions.

Further particulars, with printed lists, can be had of
 Mr. TATTERSALL, at Albert Gate.

ALDRIDGE'S, London: Established
 1753.—**SALES by AUCTION of HORSES and**
CARRIAGES on every Wednesday and Saturday, at
 Eleven o'clock precisely. Stalls should be engaged a
 week before either sale day. Horses received on Mon-
 days and Thursdays from Nine to Twelve o'clock. Ac-
 counts paid on those days only, between ten and four.
 Cheques forwarded to the country on written request.
 The Sale on Wednesday next will include 150 Brougham
 and Phaeton Horses, from Messrs. Joshua East and Co.,
 and other jobmasters, with Hacks and Harness Horses,
 Cobs, and Ponies, from noblemen and gentlemen,
 New and Second-hand Carriages, Harness, &c.
W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

THE BRIGHTON COACH HORSES.
TO be SOLD, by PUBLIC AUCTION,
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 London, on **WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1876,**
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 ress, fast, excellent trapper.
BROWN MARE, SPYNNX, leader. Huntress,
 good journey mare.
BLACK MARE, SURREY, wheeler. Good wheeler.
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BLACK GELDING, SENTINEL, leader. Hunter.
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 leader. Huntress last season.
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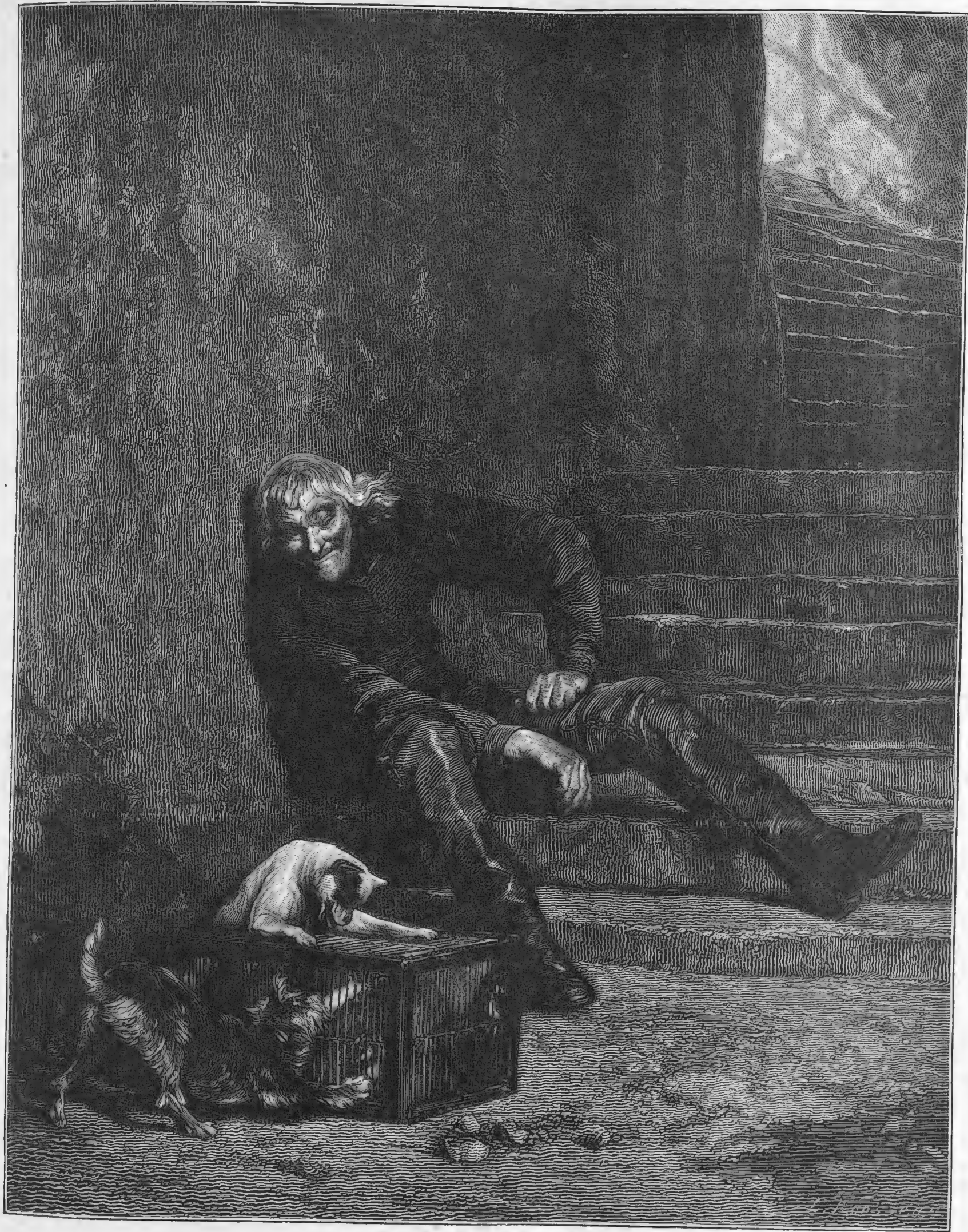
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 Clement Dances, London.—SATURDAY, October 21,
 1876.

LIGHT JOCKEYS.

THE lightest jockey we ever heard of, says the editor of a contemporary, was Kitchener; and, as the lowest weight at which he rode is a frequent subject of discussion, we will give the particulars somewhat fully. It is thought by many persons that Kitchener's lowest weight was when he won the Chester Cup, on Red Deer, in 1844. Such, however, is not the fact. On that occasion his bodily weight was 2st 12lb, and the saddle, bridle, &c., weighing 1st 2lb, made up the weight to 4st, at which the horse was

handicapped. But Kitchener had ridden at Ascot under the nickname of "Tiny" four years previously, and his bodily weight was then only 2st. 1lb., so that 1st. 11lb. dead weight was required to bring him up to the 3st 12lb at which he rode. The race was the Wokingham Stakes, run on Friday, June 19, 1840, and the horse was Col. Wyndham's ch f by Nonsense out of Shrimp. As this occurred more than a dozen years before our contemporary came into existence, it cannot quote any report of the race from its own pages, but finds the following remarks in the *Sporting Magazine* of July, 1840; "Capt. Becher afforded

some amusement by entering from his establishment little Tiny, who rejoiced in going to scale 2st 7lb., with a 6lb. saddle. He is a good-humoured lad, and bore the yokels' grin very stoically. It was like perching on high one of the large dolls seen in the toyshops in Holborn, save that here there was life; he, however, rode well, and bids fair to walk up the sleeve of some of the big 'uns." And *Bell's Life* of June 21, 1840, contained the following on the same subject: "The most amusing feature in this race (Wokingham Stakes) was the first appearance of a mite from Capt. Becher's stables, who rejoices in the cognomen of Tiny, and



THE RATCATCHER.

justifies it by being able to go to scale 2st. 7lb., with a 6lb. saddle. He rode the Nonsense Filly; and, although the unprecedentedly low weight of 3st. 12lb. instead of a feather was put on her, she actually carried nearly 2st. of dead weight! This beats Little Bell and Johnny Howlett into fits."

MRS. FITZWILLIAM has been engaged for a season of fifty-two consecutive weeks for Lewis's Theatre, Melbourne, through the well-known agent, Mr. R. Blackmore.

INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.

THE following noblemen and gentlemen have been enrolled members of the International Gun and Polo Club since the last publication:—Mr. J. T. Agg-Gardner, M.P., Lieutenant-Colonel MacIntock Cotton, commander of the 20th Hussars, Major Alexander, Captain R. M. West, Mr. W. E. Slaughter, Comte de Castelli, Mr. C. O. Clark, Captain Billington, Captain J. C. Lockwood, Captain G. M. Onslow, Captain F. C. Trench, Lieutenant W. J. Irwin, Lieutenant J. E. Jamieson, Lieutenant C.

W. Hermans, Lieutenant H. A. Wetherall, Lieutenant Stair H. Johnstone Stewart, Lieutenant H. W. N. Thomas, Mr. W. Pallin, Mr. W. C. Pride, Baron de Vismes, Comte Festitits, Herr Kilian Mahler, Herr von de Leyen, Comte Bernstorff, Mr. O. Scavenius, Herr Oscar Oehlschlaeger, and Prince George of Solms.

MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD resumes the management of the Opera Comique at the end of the month.

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All advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 148, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

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All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the publisher, at 148, Strand.

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Cheques crossed "CITY BANK," Old Bond Street.

OFFICE—148, STRAND, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1876.

AMID all the discussion which a revision of the code of racing law was likely to provoke, it could hardly be expected that the old rule, which decreed that "entries shall become void on the death of the persons in whose names they are made," should be allowed to pass unchallenged. Over and over again has exception been taken to the rule in question, and many cases of especial hardship have from time to time been cited as justifying its expungement from the code, or, at any rate, as calling for its amendment at the hands of the ruling powers. Still, while all were agreed that the former course was out of all reason, and that the question could not be left to settle itself, none of the suggestions tendered from various quarters, and having for their object the modification of the rule, were of a sufficiently practical character to meet the requirements of the case, which it was evident could not be hampered by limitations and amplifications such as represented the views of the various reformers. The old rule did that which was eminently desirable in all methods of legislation—it laid down a hard-and-fast line in the simplest terms, which could not be twisted or tortured into any other sense or meaning, and stood alone, without any saving clauses to detract from its original fixity of purpose. Like the old high-roads of the Romans and our ancestors of later days, it went straight as the crow flies at the point aimed at, regardless of the nature of the ground and of the difficulties which would have to be overcome in attaining its object. It at least commended itself to the understandings of all by a rugged simplicity and conciseness, and, though hardships might apparently result in certain cases, they were encountered with a full knowledge of what the sufferers might expect, and, on the whole, the machinery may have been said to have worked fairly well for the long period during which it remained in action.

The rule, as proposed to be recast by Lord Rosslyn and Prince Batthyany, is shorn of much of its former apparent roughness, though it may be doubted whether the suggested "provisos" are practically strong enough to uphold it, or whether they cohere sufficiently in themselves to prop the structure they are designed to support. Part I. of the proposed new rule enacts that—"In the event of the death of the nominator of a horse or horses, such nominations to be the property of the heir-at-law, or of any person to whom they may be bequeathed;" and Part II. goes on to enact that—"In the event of a horse or horses being sold 'with engagements,' such engagements to remain the property of the purchaser, notwithstanding the death of the nominator." Had these two clauses of the new proposed rule stood alone, they might have been regarded as moderately satisfactory and fairly intelligible, the principle being sufficiently apparent, and the only alterations required being a recasting of the language of expression. "Heir-at-law" is rather a vague word, and to talk about engagements remaining the property of the purchaser, implies a doubt which the use of clearer language would tend to remove. Lord Rosslyn's idea is, that by the very fact of purchase all possible contingent interest in the horse on the part of its nominator for various engagements should absolutely cease and determine, which is so far reasonable enough; but to make the sale equally fair for both vendor and purchaser, the transaction should surely take somewhat the form of a sale "under Lord Exeter's conditions," which, however well it may suit buyers of horses in training, would not be likely to meet the views of those breeders who are compelled by reason of the late fixtures of their annual sales, to incur a number of heavy forfeits for the most promising among their yearlings. But, as we have observed, the new proposed rule, standing alone, might be expected to work fairly well, though great care would be necessary in the language employed in framing it.

But we look upon the "provisos" in a totally different light and as likely to bring about the gravest complications in cases of deceased nominators. We prefer to quote them in full, for the reason that many of our readers may not have had the opportunity of seeing them in print. "(I.) That it be always in the power of the legatee or heir-at-law to decline to accept such nominations—such refusal to be declared to Messrs. Weatherby within one month of the death of the nominator. (II.) That such nominations may be offered for sale by public auction or private contract, and their sale must then be duly certified to Messrs. Weatherby for registration within one month of the death of the nominator. (III.) In the event of the heir-at-law or legatee declining to accept such nominations, and no sale being registered within one month of the death of the nominator, such nominations to be, as at present, absolutely void." Now, we have no hesitation whatever in asserting that whatever happens to nominations in case of their author's death, their assumption or lapse

must take effect absolutely immediately upon the demise of the nominator, and there must be no question or delay among heirs-at-law or legatees, who may take a long time making up their minds whether they shall retain, or sell, or permit the nominations to become void. The law of the land allows of no such uncertainty in the destination of real or personal property, but at once assigns it to its proper owners whether through testamentary disposition or legal right. "Heirs-at-law" of certain owners or nominators of horses may be very curious people indeed, and of singularly undecided temperaments; many of them perhaps are apt to regard a string of racehorses as a "heritage of woe," or in the light of the proverbial white elephant. Legatees might not often be in the same embarrassing position, but in both cases great and vexatious delay may be incurred. Now, we ask, are owners of other horses, bookmakers, and the public to be kept in a state of suspense for a month after the demise of a nominator, while heirs-at-law and legatees are making up their minds whether they shall keep, sell, or render void the nominations with which they have been saddled? Take the not improbable instance of the nominator of a Derby favourite dying a week before the decision of the race, and of the doubt and uncertainty which might be expected to prevail among all classes possessing pecuniary interests in the result? All would be on tenterhooks until the policy of the new owner had been made known, and in case of an advertised determination to get rid of the nomination by public auction, what an opening there would be for gangs of "forty thieves" and others to play fast and loose with an animal, the price of which they might command, and which they might profitably "work" with a view to milking the public! The nomination had far better vest at once in the person on whom it may legally devolve, or become at once void, than remain suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth for a month, while important issues are affected by this state of uncertainty. We should be curious to be informed what the statute law of the land (considered apart from the laws of racing) says in this emergency, and how far the two coincide in point of vesting ownerships of nominations or of rendering the same null and void. It appears to us that the question admits of but two solutions, and we must either stand by the ancient regulation that nominations become void by death of nominators, or legislate in the direction of their passing immediately by will or by descent. We cannot admit either the feasibility or the admissibility of any middle course, as suggested by Lord Rosslyn and Prince Batthyany, and it strikes us as altogether an anomaly for heirs or legatees to inherit property, with a month's time given to them in which to consider "what they shall do with it."

"COMEDY" BY THE MILE.

I'm a hero of comedy—yes, sir,—

Tom Robertson gave me my cue;

His mantle's my comedy dress, sir.

Does it fit me? I'll leave that to you.

Just think how I handle his style, sir;

See how I develop his tricks!

If in Parian 'he wrought. By the mile, sir,

I run up my farcical bricks.

Let me smoke on the stage—aye, and drink, sir,

And munch at my property cram,

And don't a bit worse of me think, sir,

When I lard my best jokes with a "d—n!"

My women! Well, there's my weak point, sir;

At the best, they're but malapert dolls;

At the worst, they're a mixture, conjoint, sir,

Of boarding-school misses and trolls.

My men ram their hands in their trousers,

And sit cross-legged on anything near,

As they fire off my side-splitting rousers,

That's the *ton* in my comedy sphere!

Poor Tom's now "a cold." Could he see, sir,

This "school" as developed to-day,

I wonder, between you and me, sir,

What its founder would possibly say!

THE TEES TICKLER.

THE well-known Morris Hills, for so many years one of the whips to her Majesty's pack of Buckhounds, and who has been living on a pension in the neighbourhood of Ascot since the appointment of Mr. Frank Goodall as her Majesty's huntsman, died on Tuesday week, at Wokingham.

SOME excitement has been occasioned in South Wales by the production, on Sunday week, at the Baptist Chapel, Briton Ferry, of what may fairly be termed a dramatic performance, entitled "Joseph and his Brethren." The *Western Mail* of last Saturday, having obtained a printed copy of the work, publishes extracts from it, showing a regular dialogue for several persons, stage directions, and the familiar "enter" and "exit" used precisely as in the acting editions of theatrical literature. The author of "Joseph and his Brethren" remarks, in a prefatory note: "The difficulty and objection to presenting or performing such a Sunday-school dialogue as 'Joseph and his Brethren' is its great length. To avoid this objection and prevent tediousness, the dialogue has been arranged in six parts, in order that singing, recitations, &c., on the general programme, may be introduced between the parts. The effect will be very fine." There is also a caution that the recitation is "to be performed without change of apparel or costume," qualified by the statement, however, that "Joseph may be designated by a coat of many colours." A correspondent of the *Western Mail* thus describes some of the observations of the Sunday audience in the chapel: "A grown-up woman packed in the crowd exclaimed, in one breath, 'Don't shove there—and where's his coat of many colours? And where's the sacks?' Another replies, 'Don't I want to see Joseph as well as you?' A youngster close by, after the sentence was passed on the baker to be hanged, called out to those near him, 'Look there, how quiet that chap is taking it what's going to be hung.'"

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

MR. WILLS'S "JANE SHORE."

WHY is it that popular sympathy has always tended towards the lay canonisation, so to speak, of Royal female favourites? Is it because there is a secret belief in folk's minds, that those selected for so high, and yet so low a post, must have been, like Coleridge's Geraldine "beautiful exceedingly"? Possibly—we have all a sneaking kindness for anything beautiful, even though it be baneful as the deadly nightshade. Or is it that we have really, as some pessimists assert, a national snobbish tendency, and invest everyone connected with courts with a certain halo of sanctity? Or do we, unlike Artemus Ward's landlord, "feel for the down-trodden," and do our secret hearts—most people carry such appendages somewhere—sympathise with the possibly unwilling slaves of power and passion? Whether a higher or lower motive be assigned, the fact remains. Ever since they lived and loved, poets, and painters—aye, and musicians, have been busy keeping alive the remembrance of Aspasia, Fair Rosamond, Louise de la Vallière, and many another frail beauty; and no the least popular has been the London goldsmith's truant wife, Jane Shore. It is with her story, as set forth by Mr. W. G. Wills, that we have now to do. And let it be remembered that, whatever the stern critic may think of that gentleman's poetic power, there must at least be awarded to him the credit of being one of the very few who, in these days of posturing and platitude, have the courage to stick to poetic drama.

We need not say that Mr. Wills has had predecessors in his treatment of the story—everybody knows that. Neither is it our purpose, like some people, to assume an air of erudition by talking about Chettle. Inasmuch as nobody has the faintest notion of anything about his lost play, except that it concerned Jane Shore—a fact which might have been gathered from any one of those biographical dictionaries to which the learned pundits in question are probably indebted for their acquaintance with honest Chettle's name. But there was the sixteenth century ballad on the subject; about as bad a performance, by-the-bye, as ever was turned out by Martin Parker; anybody may read that in "Percy's Reliques," and it will afford equal delight to the lovers of doggerel, and the haters of female treachery, as exemplified in the person of "Mistress Blague." Then there is that often-belauded, never-read, and, consequently, over-rated play by Nicholas Rowe, which was written, forsooth, "in imitation of Shakspeare's style;" a statement which, not unnaturally, roused Dr. Johnson to much denunciation. We owe just one thing to that dreary tragedy—only a shade less dreary than Congreve's *Mourning Bride*—viz.: a line in one of Lord Hastings's speeches—

"The long train of frailties flesh is heir to."

But how could people sit out the play, in spite of the witchery of Anne Oldfield, and her great successors. Now, whatever may be its literary merits, and we are inclined to rate them higher than some of our contemporaries, there can be no two opinions on one point—Mr. Wills has written an essentially good *acting* play; and since he is almost unusually fortunate in its exposition, there is no reason to doubt that his poetry and pathos will, for some time, have a chance of impressing themselves upon the public mind.

Of the view of history which the play presents it is unnecessary to speak; it is the conventional one, to which the genius of Shakspeare has affixed its seal. Perhaps, some day, people may begin to examine the rights and wrongs of the quarrel between York and Lancaster, and to do justice to Richard III.; meanwhile the author was perfectly right, artistically speaking, in availing himself of Horace's maxim—

"Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas."

So we will try and forget that old Lady Desmond vouched for Richard's personal beauty, that a gallant young leader was done to death on Tower Hill as "Perkin Warbeck," or that, of the two skeletons discovered in the Tower, one was that of a *female* child! Leave such archæology to Dr. Dryasdust, and let us enjoy the play—no difficult task, whether in reading or representation. Well, to begin with, Mr. Wills has that rarest of poetical talents, a feeling for the true blank verse; this is no small praise, for critics know, only too bitterly, how very few people have that faculty. We do not say that his is sublime poetry, but at least it has the right ring; he knows where the iambic beat should come, and understands the value of syllables; so that we are not driven mad by the pause occurring in the wrong place, or by lines ending with a weak syllable, or by idiotic attempts to make all lines *sound* equally long, because they alike contain ten divisions of words; added to which, we will assert that the author shows power in his conscious use of an imperfect line, in places where emotion or passion is predominant; the judicious employment of this expedient, as our elder dramatists well knew, forms the connecting link between the speech of real life, and the artificial language of heroic poetry. Let us take an example at random. Here is one from the fifth act, which will show the general truth of our proposition—it is where Jane first awakes to consciousness in her husband's house:—

"JANE.—They called me mad: has madness come to me
In angel form? Old home, old happiness,
My husband's love and fond caress again.
'Tis well this is not real, for I know
The snow still lies around me. Gibing faces
Are there before me where my fancy sees
Sweet firelight and peace."

Now, many people—ignorant of all philology—would pronounce "firelight" as a dissyllable, and utterly ruin a most musical *show* line, oblivious of the fact that "fire," being simply the German *feuer*, demands a due sounding of the second consonant. At least, Mr. Wills knows his mother tongue, no small *credit* nowadays.

Then, as to scenic effect, the play is admirably divided; better now in representation, than in the original conception. For instance, the first act ends with that touching rescue of the dethroned favourite by her humble friend the baker; the second with Shore's desertion of the wife who had deserted him; the third, with Jane's recognition of the Tannhäuser-like verdict of her injured husband; the fourth, with that terrible return of humanity which impels Shore to defend the woman who is, after all, his wife; whilst the fifth—which we must be pardoned for declaring to be an anti-climax—brings tears to many gentle eyes by its scene of pardon and happiness.

Now, let us examine, and see how this is presented at the Princess's Theatre. To begin with, the attention to historical correctness is highly to be praised; the court ladies appear in those kirtles and peaked head-dresses which we all know so well from old illuminated manuscripts, the men dress like fifteenth-century Englishmen, and not like operatic heroes, and the Cheapside is admirable as a picture of mediæval architecture. So far so good—what about the acting? On the whole it is as good as could well be looked for, in these days of multiplied theatres, and, consequently, scattered companies; it would be idle now to hope for such companies as delighted their audiences at the Princess's, the Olympic, the Strand, or the Haymarket, six or seventeen years ago! Still, *Jane Shore* is fairly well supported. Mr. Fernandez is, of course, the traditional Gloucester—but the good sense not to make himself up like Quasimodo, as so many would have done; perhaps he *crawls* rather excessively traversing the stage. Mr. Price is good, if somewhat sentimental as Edward Shore—his action, when, in the snow-scene, he de-

his fainting wife, is extremely spontaneous and fine, and he conducts not a little to the popular success of that portion of the play. Mrs. Mellon is utterly unsuited to the part of the Queen; she does her best, as so thorough an artist could not but do, but evidently feels that she is doing uncongenial work; and those who, like ourselves, admire the lady, sit feeling sorry for her—reflecting on her excellence as Mrs. Candour, Phoebe, (was there ever a more genial Phoebe?) or, to go back to the dear old days when she called herself Miss Woolgar, and all her adorers called her “Sarah Jane,” to pleasant memories of Lemuel, Nelly O’Brien, and Don Cleophas. Mr. Revelle as John Grist, the friendly baker, is excellent; he speaks his lines well, and acts without exaggeration in a part which gives great temptation to the fault; his reward being that, when a proper time for excitement comes, and he bursts into frenzy in succouring the starving Jane, he makes a genuine hit.

But what of the heroine herself? What of Miss Heath, who has undertaken to set before us the sorrowful story of poor Jane’s guilt, repentance, misery, and pardon? In two words, she is, to our thinking, nearly perfect. Those amongst us—and one need not be a centenarian—who remember the lady when she first trode the boards she now adorns once more; under the management of Charles Kean, do not need to be reminded of the grace and ease which characterise her every attitude;—which of us has forgotten her first entry as Helena, a marvel of statuesque posing, not to mention Anne Blake, and other legitimate triumphs. And those who may not remember her in those days, or later, in conjunction with Mr. Phelps, cannot do better than go and study the subject now. Then, one seldom gets such a treat in a modern theatre as to hear such elocution. We are aware that it has become a fashion, with those clever young gentlemen who idolize *opéra bouffe* and find the Waverley Novels heavy reading, to sneer at elocution; but some of us are old-fashioned enough to prefer stately, musical reading of blank verse to the unintelligible gabble, scream, and splutter, which seems to be the latest fashion of recitation. Miss Heath reminds us strongly of Mrs. Charles Kean in her delivery of the words allotted to her—we could hardly say more. Occasionally, her histrionic power rises absolutely to the sublime, as, when she suddenly calls her child in the second act, when she is spurned by the beggars as well as the rich (an admirable touch, by-the-bye, on the author’s part), in Act I., or in the intensest scene of all—a scene which leaves not a dry eye in the house—when she clutches the loaf thrown to her by John Grist. It is by no means impossible that Miss Heath may find small credit with some would-be reformers—save the mark!—of acting; for our own part we are well content, as long as she treads the boards, *stare super antiquas vias*—and we strongly suspect the public will be of our opinion!

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

XIV.—MRS. A. M. CROUCH.*

MR. PEREGRINE PHILLIPS was an attorney-at-law and a man of ability and repute, known to and generally respected by the literary and theatrical celebrities of his day. He gave a series of readings at the Freemasons’ Tavern, which were popular with the public, and spoken of favourably in “the public prints.” He married Miss Gascayne, the daughter of a Worcestershire farmer, and by her had six children, the youngest but two being Anna Maria, heroine of our present sketch. She was born in Gray’s-inn-lane, on April 20, 1763, and grew up into a child of great beauty, with a remarkably sweet voice.

Sir Watkin Lewes had selected Mr. Phillips for his “professional adviser,” and, seeing little Anna, admired her beauty and voice so greatly, that he expressed a wish to introduce the child to his lady, who, in her turn, fell in love with the little beauty, and decided that her vocal powers should be systematically trained.

Mr. Wafer, an able teacher of music, having considerable repute, was accordingly selected, and, when Anna was ten years old, her vocal powers were so well developed that she was regarded as a kind of infant prodigy. One of her favourite songs was “The soldier tired of war’s alarms,” which she executed, vocally and instrumentally, with a precision and effect then regarded as truly wonderful.

Mr. Phillips early decided that Anna should adopt music for her profession, and appear before the public as a vocalist; and she, with her passionate and carefully cultivated craving for applause, was nothing loth. Accordingly, in 1779, she was articulated to the celebrated Linley, patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, for three years; and the high estimation in which she stood as an amateur, may be gleaned from the terms she received, *viz.*, a rising salary of from £6 to £12 per week for six seasons. Not many years before the largest salary paid to an actress of the highest rank and longest experience had not exceeded four pounds a week.

In the winter of 1780 she made her début, as Mundane, and won great applause.

On the termination of that engagement, she went with her father to Ireland, where John Kemble was then playing, with the following very formal Johnsonian letter of patronage and introduction:—

“SIR,—The bringer of this letter is the father of Miss Phillips, a singer, who comes to try her voice on the stage at Dublin.

“Mr. Phillips is one of my old friends; and as I am of opinion that neither he nor his daughter will do anything to disgrace their benefactor, I take the liberty of entreating you to countenance and protect them, so far as may be suitable to your station and character; and shall consider myself obliged by any favourable notice which they shall have the honor of receiving from you.

“I am, Sir,
“Your humble servant,
“LONDON, May 31, 1783.
“The Right Hon. William Wyndham.”

In a copy of a Dublin paper—*Freeman’s Journal*—of that period, we find the coming of Miss Phillips thus curiously announced:—

“A theatrical correspondent advises all dramatic and musical connoisseurs who propose to attend Smock-alley Theatre on the nights Miss Phillips performs, to guard well their hearts, as so sweet a countenance, elegant person, and ravishing voice, are scarcely found in a century to unite so powerfully in one young lady. Our correspondent likewise advises all ladies who are not perfectly secure of the affections of their *caro sposo*; and every Stella who has not absolutely fixed the love of her Strephon to apply immediately to Parliament, to except them from the articles of free trade, by an *ex post facto* law, the importation of this captivating syren.”

This strong specimen of the puff oblique emanated, I suspect, directly or indirectly, from the paternal pen; but be that as it may, Miss Phillips duly “appeared,” was favourably received, and very soon after it was publicly said that the great John Kemble had fallen in love with her. British journalists were, in those days, much what American journalists and their imitators in this country now are, they meddled constantly with the private affairs of public men and women, pushing their brazen inquisitive

noses into matters which concerned them not, and rushing with the same into print, with a jubilant rejoicing in their doings, worthy of a better cause. So it was that John Kemble’s supposed love for the beautiful vocalist found its way into print, together with announcements of sudden matrimony, which were alternately made and denied.

Boaden, in his life of Kemble, says:—“Amongst the attractions of the Irish stage in 1783 was to be numbered the late Mrs. Crouch, then the lovely and enchanting Miss Phillips, who, attended by her father, and recommended to Windham by Dr. Johnson, had gone over to try the success of her musical talents. Her beauty was the theme of every tongue; her voice was one of the sweetest that had ever been heard. Her success was correspondent. Mr. Kemble became immediately acquainted with them. Mr. Phillips was a man of letters, whose conversation was of the greatest value. Kemble had seen the chief ornaments of the stage in past times, and welcomed the young rival of their fame whose ultimate rank in the art he with the fullest confidence predicted. Miss Phillips was quite delighted with his acting, and Mr. Kemble certainly felt the power of her beauty. When, many years after, we used to talk together about this lovely woman, and the grave had swallowed all but the memory of what she was, his former admiration fully revived, and he spoke of her, as he could *well* speak of one for whom he had every good, and every tender, feeling. . . . The London papers suggested a marriage between them in Dublin in the year 1783; it was even affirmed to have taken place; but I believe Miss Phillips neither received nor desired any attentions but those of a very zealous friendship, perhaps a little romantic on his side. It will be seen that he was ready to risk his life for her, by the following anecdote. At the same time I know that charms of much less value would have received from his manliness the same protection:—

“They were at Cork at the time, and Miss Phillips was the subject of general admiration. Her father was confined by the gout, and had requested Mr. Kemble to conduct his daughter home from the theatre until he should be able to attend her himself. One evening some young officers belonging to a regiment quartered in that city chose to contend for the honour of seeing her safe to her lodgings; and, accordingly, when she went to her dressing room, stationed themselves in the passage through which she was obliged to return. They there entered into a loud and somewhat fierce dispute, who should have the honour of being her conductor, and the terrified young beauty locked her door. Mr. Kemble sent at this juncture to inform her that he was waiting for her. She replied to his messenger through the door, that she would not leave her room until the officers had quitted the theatre, as she was resolved not to pass them. Upon this intimation they were politely desired to withdraw, as the doors of the theatre were going to be shut. They said they would not leave the house until Miss Phillips did, as they were waiting to conduct her. Mr. Kemble hearing this, took his sword, and passing through them, said with dignity and firmness:—

“Gentlemen, Mr. Phillips, who is confined by illness, has requested me to conduct his daughter from the theatre, and, as gentlemen, I trust you will not molest her; for, be assured I will maintain the trust reposed in me.”

“He then called Miss Phillips, and told her that her father would be anxious for her return; that it was late, and he was confident she would pass without interruption. At length she ventured forth, but at the sight of the officers was about to retreat again to her dressing-room. Mr. Kemble, however, held her fast, and audibly said, “Be under no apprehension, I am resolved to protect you,” adding aloud, “If any gentleman is dissatisfied with my behaviour, I will meet him, if he pleases, to-morrow morning, and if he can prove I am wrong, I shall be ready to apologise for it.”

“He then led her quietly through the passage, uninterrupted by her gay persecutors. The commanding officer, however, having heard of the confusion thus occasioned, on the next day called upon Mr. Phillips and his daughter, to express his concern at the conduct of the preceding night, and to assure them that every apology should be made. Miss Phillips told him, with her usual *naïveté*, that she would have no apology; all that she required was that the gentlemen in future would go from the theatre with the rest of the audience, and leave her to return home quietly with her father, or with the person whom he might appoint to conduct her.

“Her wishes were respectfully and faithfully complied with. Kemble’s conduct on this occasion was admired by everybody; but it was attributed to his passion for the young lady, and the talk of their union seemed now to have a declared sanction in his own behaviour.”

In 1784 Miss Phillips was again in Dublin, where she had many admirers, all scheming and labouring for the acquirement of her hand; and one desperate suitor publicly announcing his intention to revenge a refusal by shooting her as she stood upon the stage, upon a certain evening, created much consternation. Of course he had no intention of doing so cruel and wicked a deed, or he would have kept it secret, but the lady thought he had, and seeing, through the hole in the curtain, her bloodthirsty admirer snugly seated in what we now call the stalls, she refused to make her entrance until his exit had been safely accomplished. He was accordingly seized and removed, but no weapon being found upon him he was afterwards liberated.

The son of a well-known Irish nobleman was, however, more lucky. He loved and won, and would have married, but being a minor, the priest refused to unite him to his lovely actress. The smitten pair were not, however, to be denied, and a few days after were on their way to Gretna Green, hotly pursued by their respective male parents. Notwithstanding the aid they received from contrary winds, the lovers were overtaken before they reached the famous blacksmith, and were mercilessly torn asunder. The parents vainly tried to hush up the affair. The journalists and magazine writers got hold of it; and while the poor girl was making her brilliant eyes dull and red with weeping, and the young Irish lover was raving over his disappointment, the adventure made its appearance in print, flavoured after the fashion of the day for “spicy reading,” and without the slightest regard for propriety, private feelings, private rights, or the warm protests of indignant friends. There were great outbursts of laughter and much scornful sneering when some defender of Miss Phillips was rash and foolish enough to publish a series of statements, showing that no impropriety could be laid to her charge beyond that of running away. The idea was scouted as absurd; had not the lovers been together five days? What evidence of guilt could be more conclusive? She was a woman and, above all, an actress! Given these facts, with opportunity, and the idea of possible innocence was out of the question—quite incredible! So, as I have said, there was much tittering and laughter, and Miss Phillips had a very good idea of that chivalrous regard for her sex on the stage, which has yet to disappear.

Soon after, Miss Phillips appeared in London as Emily, in *The Double Disguise*; and Mrs. Wrighton, as an Irish chamber-maid, had to sing to Emily a song, one verse of which ran:—

Each pretty young Miss, with a long heavy purse
Is courted, and flattered, and easily had;
She looks to be taken for better or worse,
And quickly clopes with an Irish lad.

A burst of significant applause followed, with shouts, which covered our poor young beauty with blushes and confusion. Her

tears and broken voice showed the audience how well she understood their coarse, unfeeling and tasteless demonstration.

In 1785 she married Mr. Crouch, a handsome man, who commenced his courtship in a stage box, which he occupied only when she played. In the safe haven of matrimony, and as the wife of a lieutenant in the navy, our now protected beauty continued her theatrical career, until an accidental fall resulted in a serious illness and a great grief, the death of her first-born. From the effects of this illness she recovered very slowly, and her mental agony for the loss of her infant, a loss never replaced in after life, retarded her restoration to health. Her death was as frequently announced as her wedding had been.

On her return to the stage she was enthusiastically greeted, and again became the foremost favourite of the playgoing public, until in 1786 Mrs. Billington, who figured in a previous sketch of this series, made her appearance, and outshone all the reigning stars and theatrical beauties of her time.

In 1787 the celebrated Michael Kelly made his appearance at Old Drury, having been so long abroad, that he had nearly forgotten his native tongue. Mrs. Crouch made a bargain with him. He was to teach her Italian, and she was to aid him in improving his English; the lessons brought him to her husband’s house, where Mr. Crouch made him heartily welcome. Between the lady and her teacher and pupil a strong feeling of friendship sprang up, destined to outlive one of the twain, and in the other to become a mournful and tender memory. Once more slander was busy with the poor player’s good name despite her marriage.

In January 1788 our heroine met with an accident that nearly proved fatal to her beauty, thro’ the overturning of a hackney coach in which she was riding with her sister’s child and the nurse. Feeling the coach going over she threw herself between the boy and the window to preserve him, and her face was dreadfully cut by the broken glass. She was taken to a surgeon, and on her bed rejoiced, in the midst of acute suffering, to see the child was safe and quite uninjured. These facts were well known, yet the slanderous “public prints” were again to the fore, falsely asserting that Mr. Crouch in a fit of jealousy had inflicted the wounds by throwing something at her. To avoid such accidents in the future she had a carriage of her own, which she continued to keep until the tax upon vehicles made her once more dependent upon the polite attention of the hackney-coachmen. The friendship between Mr. Kelly and Mrs. Crouch growing in intensity, it was duly noted that they were seldom seen apart, and the scandalous comments, publicly made, began to occasion quarrels between the husband and wife, resulting in 1791, in their separation by mutual consent, she agreeing to make over to him a certain portion of her professional earnings.

But although she parted from her husband, her friend remained a resident in her house, as he had long been. It was woefully rash and imprudent, if not wicked, but she had outlived care for comments which would be slanderous with or without cause, and in desperation proudly defied what she was helpless to avoid—a brave but dangerous state of things for a woman, and one never productive of real content or happiness.

In 1792 Mr. Kelly and Mrs. Crouch gave those delightful musical parties of which we frequently read in chronicles, private and public, of the period, and to which the talents of Mrs. Billington, Madame Mara, Mrs. Bland, Signora Storace, and John Johnstone contributed, amidst all the rank and fashion of that day. Whereupon, slander next associated her name with the Prince of Wales, and divers little “spicy” stories of adventure appeared in certain systematically libellous magazines, to the great delight and amusement of “the town.” None who knew her believed them, but what of that?

On the production of *Lodoiska* at Drury Lane theatre, Mrs. Crouch, while performing the heroine, was saved from being burnt to death by Kelly, who leaped from a terrific height with her in his arms, just as the flames had reached her, and she was terribly scorched. So sensational was the effect produced by this accident, that it was adopted as the business of the scene, and has never since been dispensed with.

An accident while travelling, so injured her throat, that her voice never recovered its purity. It was said that the Prince of Wales sent his own medical attendant to her. She soon afterwards began to receive pupils, and amongst those she instructed were Liston, and the lady who became Mrs. Mathews. In 1805, while at Brighton for her health, she died on the 2nd of October, in the arms of her true and loving friend, Michael Kelly.

Where she died they buried her, placing on the stone above her grave the following memento:—

HIC JACET
The Remains of
ANNA MARIA CROUCH,

During many years a Performer at Drury Lane Theatre. She combined with the purest taste as a singer, the most elegant simplicity as an actress; beautiful almost beyond parallel in her person, she was distinguished by the powers of her mind. They enabled her, when she quitted the stage, to gladden life by the charms of her conversation, and refine it by her manners. She was born April 20, 1763, and died October, 1805.

THIS STONE
Is inscribed to her beloved memory, by him whom she esteemed the most faithful of her friends.

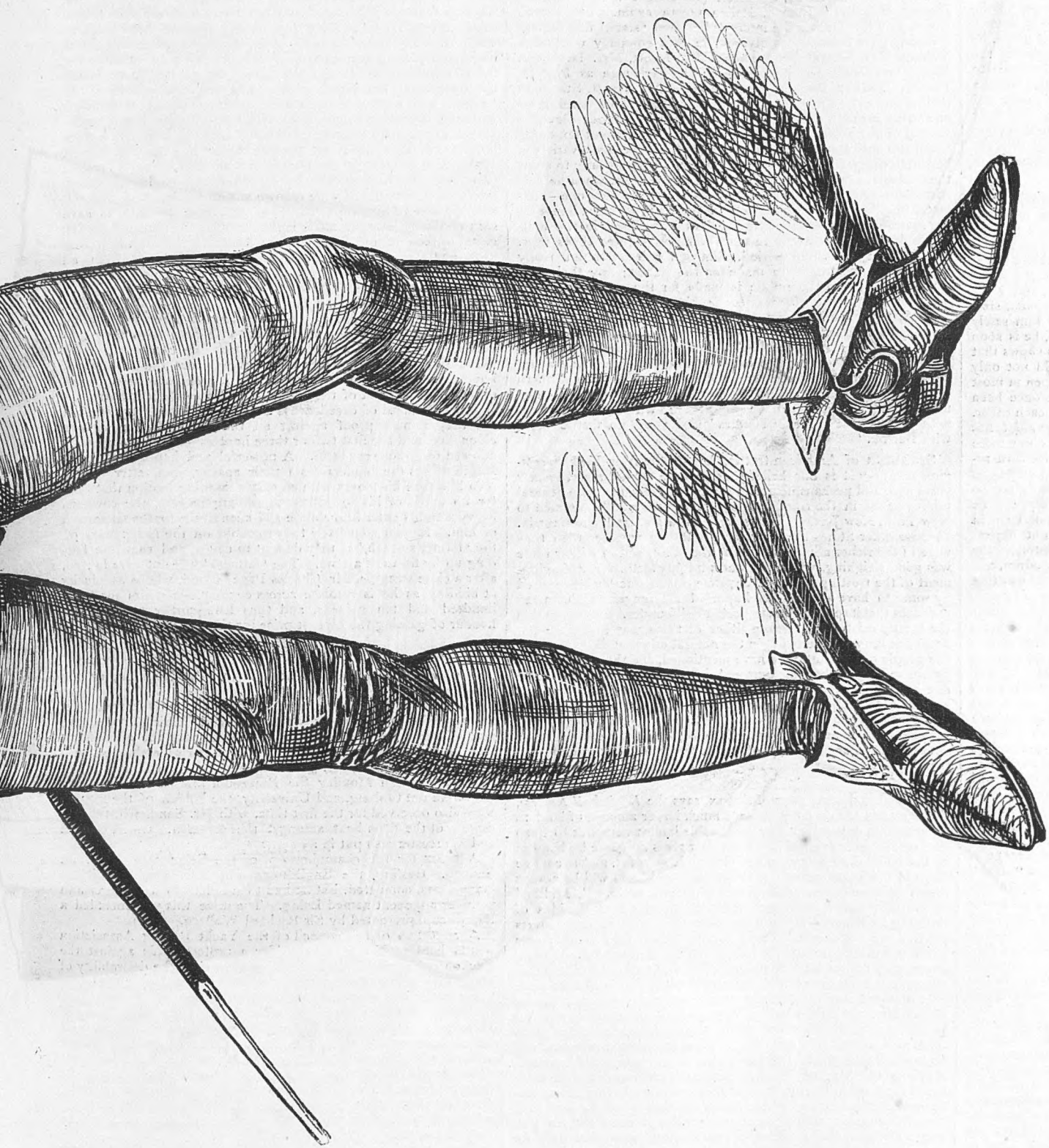
Boaden says “when I had written, at Mr. Kelly’s desire, the inscription upon her tomb at Brighton, Mr. Kemble one day called upon me, and, as we walked out together said to me ‘Boaden, I have just read an inscription upon Mrs. Crouch’s monument. As I feel every word of it, and know that I did not write it myself, I know only one other man from whom it could proceed, and you are he.’” I have vouchers for all I have stated, but there are other lives of Mrs. Crouch, in which she figures with a very different character, as an unfaithful wife and a drunkard. I have examined both sides carefully, and have arrived at the conclusions briefly embodied above. The poor player lived so long ago that she is nothing to you, nothing to me, or to any living soul, perhaps, but truth has a claim upon everybody’s regard simply as truth, and the result of much reading amongst dramatic annals and contemporary authors is my belief that this poor beauty was grossly and cruelly slandered, as many a stage beauty has been since—alack and well-a-day! A. H. W.

THE great 100 miles bicycle match that took place on Saturday last, at Lillie Bridge, in which David Stanton, the well-known bicyclist, backed himself to traverse 100 miles in 6½ hours, is a good proof how wonderfully the sport of bicycling has advanced of late years. The weather was most unfavourable, and the grounds nearly empty. Stanton started at forty-seven minutes past ten o’clock, and completed the first 10 miles in 36 min. 48 sec., the 20 miles in 1 hour 14 min. 38 sec., the 30 miles in 1 hour 52 min. 50 sec., the 40 miles in 2 hours 30 min. 44 sec., and the 50 miles in 3 hours 8 min. 49 sec., when he retired for a short rest of 17 min. 30 sec. At 2.30 the rain cleared away, and the sun shone for the first time. The 60 miles were completed in 4 hours 5 min. 45 sec., and struggling gamely on Stanton eventually succeeded in winning the £60 that had been laid to his £40, against his completing the distance, by finishing the 100 miles and 340 yards to spare in the time specified, 6½ hours. Considering how very bad the weather was in the early part of the day, this fastest time on record for 100 miles on a bicycle is the more wonderful.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical Testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING’S COUGH LOZENGES. One lozenge alone gives relief, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 7½d. and 2s. 6d. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.

* For Portrait see page 48.





Stretch
Sept 1876
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W. J. L. L.

OUI DIRE.

LET it not be imagined, says the *Daily Telegraph*, that any apology is needed or will be vouchsafed in defence of those to whom, whatever may have been their station in life, the prize-ring was formerly dear. The once well-known and well-liked Tom Crommelin, for instance, is the only survivor among those whom we have in mind, but in his far-distant Australian home he will have no cause to remember with regret that he has often taken part in the promotion of pugilistic encounters. During the present century Great Britain has produced no more manly, no honester, no more thoroughly English statesman than the uncle of the present Earl Spencer, better known in political history under the name of Lord Althorp. The late Sir Denis Le Marchant, in his delightful memoir of the nobleman who led the House of Commons when the great Reform Bill was passed, tells us that "Lord Althorp made a real study of boxing, taking lessons from the best instructors, whilst practising most assiduously, and, as he boasted, with great success. He had many matches with his school-fellow, Lord Byron, and those who witnessed his exploits with the gloves, and observed his cool, steady eye, his broad chest and muscular limbs, and, above all felt his hard blows, would have been justified in saying that he was born to be a prize-fighter rather than a Minister of State." Long after the retirement of Lord Althorp from office Mr. Evelyn Denison, who died as Lord Ossington, paid him a visit at Wiseton. "The pros and cons of boxing were discussed," writes the late Speaker, "and Lord Althorp became eloquent. He said that his conviction of the advantages of pugilism was so strong that he had been seriously considering whether it was not a duty that he owed to the public to go and attend every prize-fight which took place, and thus to encourage the noble science to the extent of his power. He gave us an account of prize-fights which he had attended—how he had seen Mendoza knocked down for the first five or six rounds by Humphreys, and seeming almost beaten, until the Jews got their money on, when, a hint being given, he began in earnest and soon turned the tables. He described the fight between Gully and the Chicken—how he rode down to Brickhill himself, and was loitering about the inn door, when a barouche and four drove up with Lord Byron and a party, and Jackson the trainer—how they all dined together, and how pleasant it had been. Next day came the fight, and he described the men stripping, the intense excitement, the sparring, then the first round, and the attitude of the men—it was really worthy of Homer."

A DAILY contemporary notes, as a rule, that those hunting countries which contain the largest woodlands, and so have the greater facilities for holding large numbers of foxes, are not the most favourite among men who like to make sure of their gallop. Conversely, when covers are small, and not too thickly interspersed, good runs may be more confidently looked for. A fox is more readily forced to break from such small covers, and when once driven to the open, he finds such other covers of similar size, at which he may cast a longing eye, too small to hold him safely for many minutes. If he does take sanctuary in one, he is soon rattled through it, and the gallop is continued. This shows that to make a country really popular for hunting, it should not only hold plenty of foxes, but should also be sufficiently open in most parts to ensure a run of some extent when a fox has once been found. Thus, the two requirements tend to clash with each other. The very fact of a country being so open that a fox, once afoot, has small chance of sanctuary makes the supply of foxes the more limited. Such a country may perhaps stand, upon its own resources, two days a week, but its aptitude for a gallop makes its denizens greedy to hunt four, and a bye to boot. This is not so difficult in our age, for foxes, like any other commodity, can be imported. In the abstract, there is not the smallest moral sin in importing a fox. The local farmers, at all events, do not object. The more popular the country, the fuller it is with visitors in the season, the better prices they get for hay, straw, dairy produce, and for their home-bred young horses. But, practically, in the way that foxes are imported, there is often great injustice done to brother M.F.H.s, and we fear that more than one master, who draws three days at least a fortnight, oftener than the natural resources of his own covers could stand, is prone to close his eyes and to ask no questions as to whence come his imported supplies. It must not be supposed that an imported fox under such circumstances is a "bagman," stiff and soiled, so rank that hounds will not eat him when they have killed him, turned out of a sack just about breakfast time in a shrubbery, to ensure a find at the lawn meet of some double-faced host, who prefers pheasants to foxes, traps diligently, and yet seeks to save external self-respect and to preserve popularity. No master of foxhounds would countenance or care for such a find. The foxes which he imports are turned down days and weeks before they are to be drawn for, have various inducements offered them to remain and to learn the country, and though a large percentage go "homing" whence they came, enough remain to keep up the supply, which otherwise would be depopulated by the over-hunting of a limited acreage of cover. The foxes come from dealers, and these dealers "steal" them. The dealers obtain their foxes where they are most abundant and most easy of access, and this will be in the large woodlands of some other hunt that cannot boast so much open, and which has always plenty of foxes. Foxes are to be found in Welsh and Scotch mountain districts, where no hounds can run; and now and then in the non-hunting portions of Norfolk, Suffolk, Somersetshire, and other similar districts. But in these places, though no one would grudge, and many would welcome their export, the dealer does not care to enter. The fact that the fox is vermin, and treated as such in a non-hunting country, makes him in those places where any large head of game is kept up, and no hounds are found, a scarce commodity. In some hill fastnesses, where neither game nor hounds show to advantage, the mountain fox may be found in fair numbers, but it is a long way to seek him, and when he is bagged it is a long way to the rail, and long way by rail to his destination. So the dealer prefers to prey upon those hunting countries where foxes are strictly preserved, and where large woodlands produce them in plenty. The Forest of Dean is, perhaps, one of the most pillaged places in range of hunting countries, and whereas it ought to be a breeding establishment for the Vale of Berkeley, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and neighbouring hunts, its surplus, and more than its surplus, is drained to supply the over-hunting of certain Midland districts. The "Randans" (large neutral woodlands mutually drawn by Albrighton and Worcestershire), breed many a fox that the rightful hounds never get the trail of. And we might multiply cases. The big woodlands of Edgecote, in the Bicester country, were robbed once by a dealer, but the ultimate destination of the foxes was so near to the scene of robbery that the foxes worked home again, and the export from that district was found not to pay. Now, this system of robbing Peter to find sport for Paul, is so unsportsmanlike that we should hope that its true features have only to be brought home to those masters of foxhounds who import, to ensure their discontinuance of the tactics, at all events, from such sources. In Ireland, we believe, there is an honourable understanding between all masters that no one of them shall buy a fox, without proper credentials from the breeder and the cognisance of the master from whose country the latter hails. It would be more creditable if a similar rule existed among English masters.

A NEW American paper, *The New York Figaro*, speaking of "long runs" at the theatres, says:—"The sole aim of a modern manager is to show the longest run on record, and for this he works as zealously as the owner of a horse does to make the fastest time. Suppose every playhouse should take this course, where would be the entertainment for us after the first month? Are the managers so independent of resident people that they no longer care for their wishes? It would seem so. A hundred consecutive performances of a single piece is almost a matter of course. If two hundred is reached, the manager is supremely happy, and two hundred and fifty throws him into ecstasy. Few citizens care to see a play more than two or three times; yet there is the same old bill, week after week, month after month; the same worn-out actors, mechanically going over their worn out parts; and 'there is nothing new under the sun.' In the best days of the old Park Theatre, long runs were unknown. When *London Assurance* was brought out in 1841, the unusual elegance of the setting, the brilliancy of the text, and the excellent acting of Placide, Wheatley, Browne, Fisher, and Charlotte Cushman, made it the greatest event for years. It ran about forty nights, and that 'great run' was the astonishment of the period. It was phenomenal, in a house where the bill was changed almost every day. Here is the variety of a single season at the Park, about that time: The house opened August 17, with Collins in Irish comedy; August 31, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean; September 4, Forrest; September 28, Mrs. Mowatt; October 5, the Kears again; October 19, James R. Anderson; October 31, Collins again; November 9, the Kears in *King John*, which ran eighteen nights; December 4, the Vienna Juvenile Ballet for the holidays; January 11, Wm. Wheatley and his sister (Mrs. Mason); January 19, Collins once more; February 1, Italian Dancers; February 16, Madame Augusta; March 22, Forrest again; April 5, J. W. Wallack; April 15, Italian Opera; April 26, Spectacle (*Invisible Prince*); May 20, Blangy in ballet; June 9, Italian Opera again. The season closed July 8. During the intervals between 'stars,' the regular company gave constant variety, and in that company were Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Abbot, Mrs. Dyott, Mrs. H. Hunt, Misses Sue Denin, Flynn, and Horn; and such men as Placide, Barrett, Chanfrau, Bass, Barry, Bellamy, Fisher, Dyott, Stark and their company. The 'stars' then never thought of harping on one string through even a ten nights' engagement, but played a 'round of characters'—*King John*, very splendidly got up, being about the only exception. In those days city people had variety—had somewhere to go, and actors had ample opportunity to show their talents. What talent can an actor show now, when he gets and is satisfied with but two or three—sometimes only one—character in a season? There was more variety in that one house for the season of forty weeks, than we had last season in the half-dozen first-class theatres in this city combined—three times over. But in that benighted period, Simpson and Hamblin really thought that theatres were made for the public; now their successors believe that the public is made for the managers. The first great run in this city was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which began July 18, 1853, and was played more than 200 nights; but its run was due to its practical character, the country then being intensely agitated about slavery in the Territories, the fugitive law and 'compromises.' Long afterwards came *Our American Cousin*, which is running yet somewhere, and will be as long as Sothern can stand on his blessed legs. This play has been boiled down until there is nothing left but 'Dundreary,' with him it lives and with him it will die, as 'Toodles' and 'Captain Cuttle' died with Burton."

SPEAKING of American trotting horses, the *New York Sportsman* says:—"It is our belief that up to a period about twenty years ago, and perhaps nearer to the present day, the main general improvement in the trotting horse was almost wholly confined to New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New England, and Canada. In these older States the roads were better in summer than they were in the richer alluvial States of the West, and in winter there was good sleighing, which last was a mighty factor in the development of the trotting horse. The prime trotting faculty is supposed by some to have come from imported Messenger, while others maintain that it sprang from imported Belfounder. In our opinion the faculty existed ages before either of them was foaled, and it had been largely developed, in the natural unpretending way, by the people of the States we have mentioned, and those of Canada, before either of the above-named horses was imported. The fast trotter of the present day is the result of an enormous amount of trotting, and of many infusions of stout, thoroughbred blood from various families, calculated to impart the shape best adapted for fast and easy action, to reduce the gross parts, to strengthen the organization of the superior internal viscera, and thereby to give clear wind at high rates of speed. This is all there is about it."

In Kent and some parts of Sussex, says the *Whitehall Review*, the demands of hop poles cause a much larger amount of land to be grown in cover than any reasonable landowner cares to keep in "strict" preservation. He not only rears no game by hand in it, but he does all he can to keep his birds out of it, and to confine them to the home covers. Yet outlying wild birds will be always found in these covers, and plenty of ground game. A Midland or Norfolk game preserver would be horrified at the idea of shooting to beagles, but we can assure him that in such covers beagles are a godsend. Three couples turned into a thirty-acre cover will make it merry for hours, and as the game won't leave cover, they do not leave it either. Three or four guns can find an afternoon's amusement, and can smoke while they wait for a shot. It is pretty to stand in solitude among waving hazels and gleams of sunshine, until the sound of approaching music warns that fur is near, and as the disturbed rabbit or hare crosses a ride or glade there is a chance of a snap shot. Now and then a pheasant will be flushed, and gives a rocketing shot to any gun luckily posted. Anyhow the beagles do good service in making the wild birds think their old home too hot for them, and so driving them into the undisturbed home-covers against the time when the leaf shall be off. A votary of battue shooting, who likes to feel his gun hot in his hand and to hear his ears singing, who cares only for the sleight-of-hand of a day's fusillade, and thinks nothing of sylvan scenery and the beauty of seeing dogs at work, will turn up his nose at this description; but, after all, nine shots out of ten do not see a real battue in the year, and yet enjoy themselves with wild shooting. Three-fourths of the squires of England are happy to ask you to join five other guns for their best day in the covers, and to count upon no more than, perhaps, sixty head in the day per gun (sure and shaky), and of this half will be rabbits.

"ATLAS" asks,—"Does an erstwhile stage-manager, now a well known actor and famous elocutionist, remember the time when he was to introduce a cargo of lions on to the boards during the performance of a spectacular drama? A critic, to whom the project was mentioned, bethought himself of the stall in the first row on the first night, that he would have to occupy, and somewhat pusillanimously suggested that the lions might break loose! 'And what of that! Everybody would have time to get out while the somethinged band was being eaten!' Which remark reassured the critic, but showed a deplorable disregard to the advisability of soothing savage beasts."

THE same authority thinks now covert-shooting has begun we shall, he fears, be hearing of the usual number of persons who get peppered more or less seriously by careless or unlucky sportsmen.

To those who go out pheasant-shooting more because it is "the thing to do, you know," than from any native love of battue-blazing, he dedicates the following. A noble lord, well-known for his love of hunting, was invited to shoot in some ducal coverts. When the guns were being placed, up bustled his grace's head-keeper, eager to gain the "paper" with which he felt sure my lord would be certain to reward him for a post in a "hot corner"—with "Step this way, if you please, my lord; and I will put you where your lordship will have plenty of shooting." "Thank you, my man," was the reply; "but I don't care about shooting, and I do care for my eyes; here is half a sovereign to put me where I sha'n't be shot."

ONCE more saying what we hear from the *World*, that journal describes the recent Belhus sale as follows:—"Essentially unlike the May meetings at Tattersall's, when the horses of some fast and fashionable county are up for sale, is this gathering at Belhus. . . . The men who gather round the rails in the pleasant park at Belhus are of a widely different type, and most of them wear a business-like air, which plainly declares that they have come for a definite purpose; and one forgets to note how many faces familiar in the busy London haunts are among the groups of strangers to-day in this quiet corner of Essex, where every surrounding object is so appropriate to the occasion, yet so unlike the crowded marts where our great knights of the ivory hammer usually hold sway. The far stretches of bright green sward may bring to some of us pictures of Leicestershire pastures; others may see in the avenues of the park, where herds of deer are quietly browsing, visions of many a long chase after the swift-footed quarry, which, though much despised of fox-hunters, will find enthusiastic followers as long as the Vale of Aylesbury or the broad fields of the Harrow country are open to masters of staghounds; while the kennels of the old South Essex under the tall elms yonder may well revive recollections of days long gone by, when Sir Thomas Lennard held the mastership over a field of plucky riders, among whom Dick Christian used to find many as hard as himself. A cheery scene it is as drags, waggonettes, and phaetons file in and take up their position beside the sale-ring—a gathering full of vigorous life, yet not devoid of the gentler charm which the presence of fair woman gives. The regimental coach of the 'Blues,' with Lord Arthur Somerset on the box, stands *vis-à-vis* with one of sombre colour, from which, to all appearance, mankind is as jealously excluded as the fair ones are from the Household drag. The jolly Essex yeomen muster in force, and almost monopolise one side of the enclosure with their string of breaks; there are charming women in carriages and on horseback; a portly cattle-breeder of wide renown sits on the box of one coach, and opposite to him are a couple of Ashantee heroes who have seen service together in many lands; around the rails is a motley group of men from Colchester and Canterbury, hunting-men from near and far, dealers from London, and grooms from all quarters, and, to lend variety to the scene, a princely Hindoo, in Oriental garb, sits in the box set apart for Lady Lennard's guests, gravely amused by the pleasantries of the people about him. Presently the horses make their appearance, and though occupants of some of the coaches are still busy with their luncheon, everybody has a keen eye for a possible chance, while endeavouring to simulate utter carelessness about the business of buying. Before half a dozen of the horses have been ridden over the fences most of the men present have satisfied themselves that the standard of excellence is far above that of last year; but yet they remain proof against all the auctioneer's persuasive eloquence, and the first two or three hunters in the catalogue are allowed to go for very little. A powerful and handsome bay at length rouses the bidders from their apathy, and, after having seen him take his fences with an easy skimming motion that calls for no effort of his magnificent jumping powers, the covetous heavy weights enter into a close and keen rivalry for the possession of him. In vain somebody tries to choke off the Essex men on the 'farmer's coach,' as they delight to call it, and runs the bidding up by fifties at a time. The 'farmers' will not give in; so, after a close struggle, Mr. Charles Page Wood, who is as plucky at bidding as he is resolute across country, gets him for three hundred and ten guineas, and thus Ennisworthy achieves the honour of gaining the highest price for the day."

A CAB show is to be held at Preston, near Brighton, on the 27th inst.

ON Monday the banks of the Cam presented a lively spectacle, and several of the colleges were represented. Third Trinity have now a four on the river, and they were out under the administration of Mr. Donaldson. Trinity Hall likewise embarked in a four for the first time, Mr. S. G. Holland being the stroke.

AT Oxford on Monday the Brasenose four for the Challenge Cup were out tubbing, and University; the holders of the trophy, were also observed for the first time, with Mr. Sandbach, the late captain of the Eton boat, amongst the oarsmen. Christ Church and Worcester also put in an appearance.

A RACE for the championship of the Seine was rowed on Sunday. Gesling, the Englishman, who has held the belt for many years, competed, but he had to succumb to a stronger and younger opponent named Laing. The prize this year included a Sévres cup, presented by Sir Richard Wallace.

A MEETING of the council of the Yacht Racing Association will be held on Nov. 6, to consider a protest made against the Cuckoo at Torquay. The council will consider the desirability of polling the whole of the members of the association on the questions of elbowed sternposts and fractions of tons.

WHEN a master gives an order for so many dozen brace of foxes to a dealer, he, in a moral and sporting sense, becomes at once a receiver of stolen goods, for he cannot really blind himself as to the probable sources whence the foxes come. The first principle should be, that no master of foxhounds should buy a fox from a dealer. This would ensure every purchased fox coming from the place where he was captured, for if a man did not deal wholesale in foxes it would not pay to send only one or two to distant places to wait for a deal.

THE exact period at which the pheasant first arrived on our shores is matter of absolute conjecture. The ancient Colchis, from which the specific name of the bird is derived, is, according to Yarell, the Mingrelia of the present day, and there, it is said, the pheasant is still to be found in its wild state and unequalled in beauty. Like the fallow deer, the original progenitor of which is, or was, beyond all question, the exquisite spotted axis of the great Asiatic continent, we know not the date of its arrival. The old doggerel lines tell us, "Turkeys, hops, pickerel, and beer Came into England all in one year;" but no naturalist or antiquarian can tell us the precise date either at which the first pair of fallow deer were let loose on English turf, or the first cage of pheasants turned out loose amid the English bracken and underwood. The earliest notice we have of the bird is that given in Echar's History of England, according to which, in the year 1299 A.D., being the 27th year of the reign of Edward I., the market price of a pheasant was fourpence, while that of a mallard was three-halfpence, that of a plover a penny, and that of a brace of woodcocks three-halfpence. As the crossbow died out and the fowling-piece came in, the pheasant very naturally rose in importance. It is practically the largest English game-bird, for the wild swan and the great bustard are to all intents and purposes extinct.

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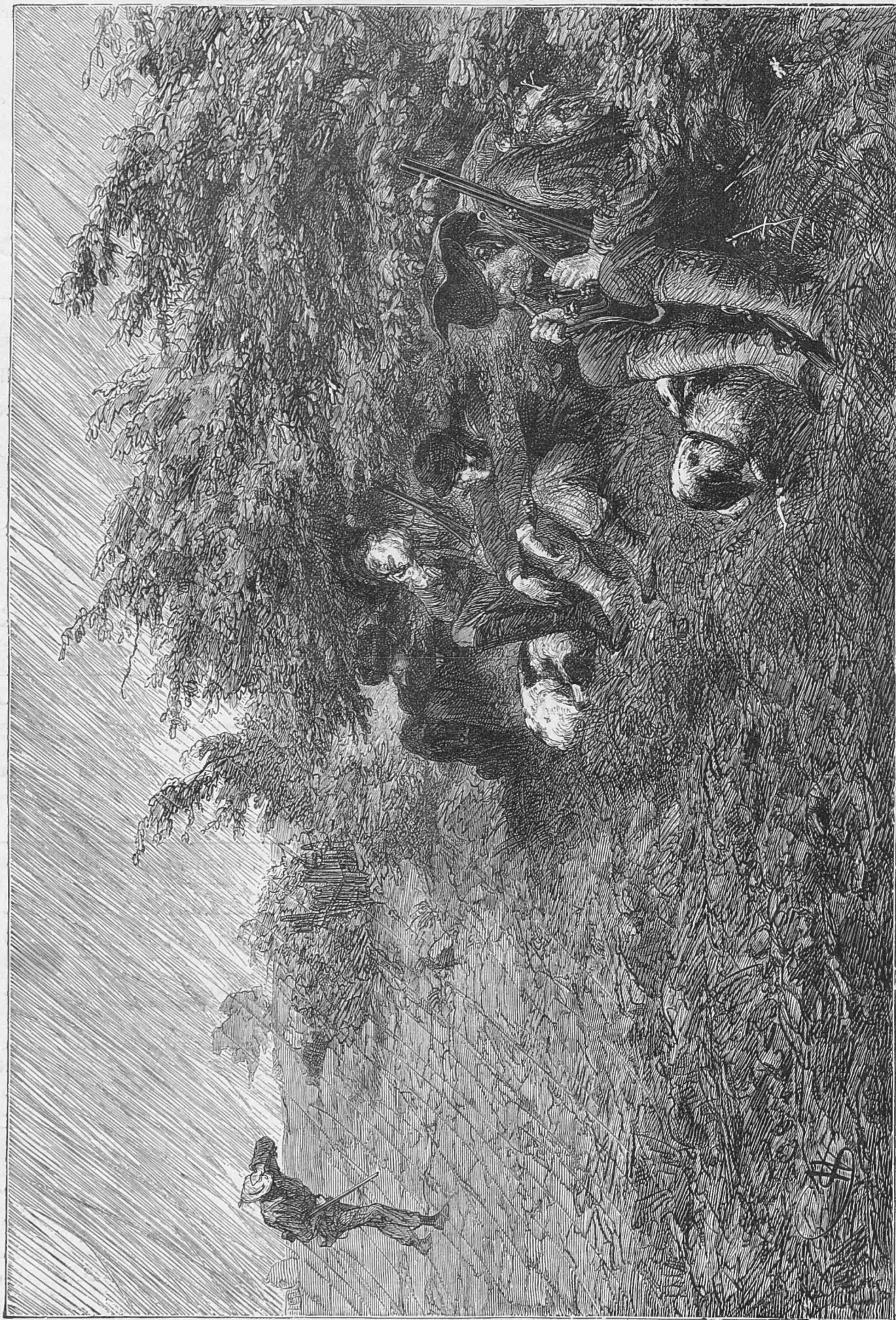
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FOOTBALL.

THE PILGRIMS V. RAMBLERS.—The first of the series of ties for the Association Challenge Cup took place on Saturday last on the Pilgrims' new ground at Lordship-lane, Tottenham. Play began at 3.45, when Sang kicked off for the Ramblers, who had lost the toss. A good run by Andrews took the ball into the Pilgrims' territory, and soon after Sang kicked a goal for the Ramblers. The score was soon brought level, however, by

T. Letchford performing the same kind office for the Pilgrims. The ball had not long been restarted before Elmslie made a fine run, which he finished up with rather a lucky shot, thus scoring the second goal for the Pilgrims. Nothing further worth noting happened till after half-time, when the Pilgrims had matters pretty much their own way. Two additional goals were obtained for them, one kicked by C. E. Detmar and the other by Lloyd, and at the call of "time" the Pilgrims were hailed victors by four goals to one. The winning team were heavier than their opponents.

THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY V. GIPSIES played on Woolwich Common the same day. The Gipsies kicked off with the hill, and up to half-time no score was made; one of the visitors, however, was unfortunately disabled, and had to retire. After the change of ends, the cadets, aided by superior condition, numbers, and the hill, penned their adversaries, and drove the ball across their goal line. Both sides claimed the ball, and, after some hesitation, the umpire gave it in favour of the "shop." The try resulted in a good goal. Just before half-time was called,



CAUGHT IN THE STORM.

Heath ran in for the cadets, but the kick at goal proved unsuccessful. The forward play on both sides was vigorous, but the ground was heavy and the spectators troublesome, so the backs got very few opportunities of distinguishing themselves.

CLAPHAM ROVERS V. MARLBOROUGH NOMADS.—Played on the Rovers' ground, at Balham, on Saturday, when the Nomads were defeated by one goal (kicked by Birkett from a run-in by Collyer), and one try to a try.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL V. OLD WYKEHAMISTS.—The West-

minster Boys played their first important match on Saturday, against the Old Wykehamists, at Vincent-square. The weather was not particularly favourable, nor was the ground in very good condition, owing to the recent rains. The ball was set in motion at half-past three, the play at the outset being carried on in Wykehamist territory, and a goal kicked for Westminster, but disallowed on the ground that the "offensive" rule had been violated. The Old Wykehamists then began to drive their opponents back, and a goal was kicked for them by M. C. Turner.

Matters were soon equalised, however, by T. B. Jones placing a goal to the credit of Westminster. Some even play was shown towards the close of the match, but no further score was made, and at the call of "time" the game was left drawn, each side having scored a goal.

THE annual October general meeting of the Rugby Football Union, for the election of officers for the coming season and other business, will be held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, Victoria-street, on Wednesday, October 25, at eight p.m.